

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

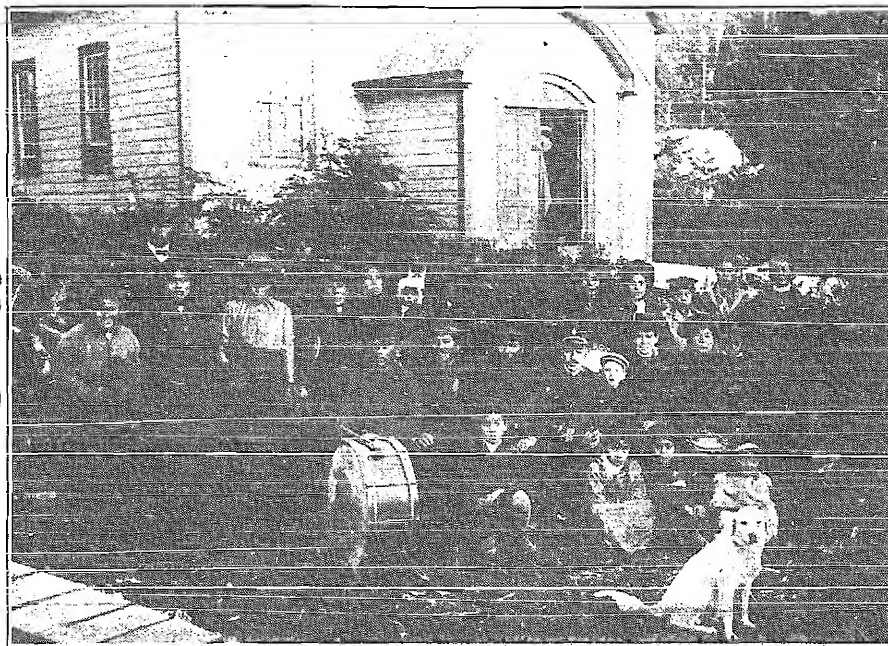
24th Year. No. 33

WILLIAM BOUTIL,
Toronto

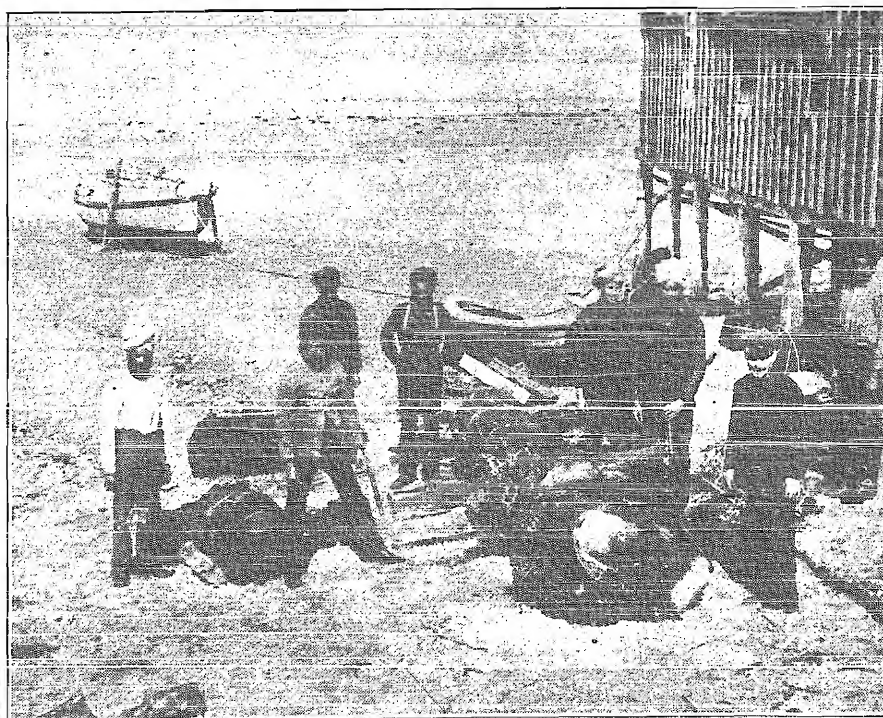
TORONTO, MAY 23, 1908.

THOMAS R. COOMBS,
Editor

Price, 2 Cents.



Adjutant and Mrs. Blackburn and Port Essington (Native Corps) British Columbia.



Adjutant Blackburn Giving Work to Eight Hindoos at Port Essington, Who Had to Return to Vancouver, Having Been Unable to Obtain Employment.

CUTLETS FROM

A TALE WAS APPENDED.

This Is It.

We had looked over our Metropole and Shelter, for men at Utrecht, and remarked upon the contented demeanour of a bright and neatly-clad woman of middle age who had admitted us to the institution. "Thereby hangs a tale," said Treasurer Peeterman.

"Please tell it," we begged. He did so. Here it is:—A lady on her way to church, found a drunken woman in a plantation. The poor creature was in a deplorable state, having tramped from the Hague in wretched weather. "I could not go to worship without first coming to see you," said the lady to the Adjutant. The result was, that the Officer and another Salvationist went and assisted the woman on to her feet. It was subsequently found that she was hopelessly estranged from her husband, owing to her drunken propensities. No other door being open to her, The Army took her in. This story also will have another chapter, and one, too, in which the element of romance may not be lacking.—All the World.

MARRIED HIS OWN WIFE.

Fighting the Fight of Faith.

"Is this The Salvation Army Industrial Home?" asked a man one morning a short time ago at the East St. Louis, Home. On being assured it was, he asked for work and a chance to get on his feet. His clothes and hair-cut had an institutional appearance, and although every man asking work at the Home is not asked for a pedigree running back several generations and detailing his entire history, yet the man evidently wanted to tell his story, and, thereby forestall anyone who might be inclined to whisper evil tales of a black past into the manager's ear.

"Did like you to know on the start, Captain," said the man, "that I have just been discharged from Joint Penitentiary. I want a new start, and if you will give me a show, I'll prove to you that I mean business. I joined The Army's Brighter-Day League when in prison, and it has made me long to live a better life. Will you give me a chance?"

The Captain, used to dealing with such men, at once decided that there was good stuff in him, and gave him a chance, and the man proved both honest and industrious, and, we trust, is really serving God.

The Praying League

Special prayer topic: Pray for all special services held on Victoria Day.

Sunday, May 24th.—Believing is Work. John vi. 25-40.
Monday, May 25th.—The Living Bread. John vi. 41-64.
Tuesday, May 26th.—Lip Service Only. Mark vii. 1-13.
Wednesday, May 27th.—Not to be Driven away. Matt. xv. 10-27; Mark vii. 21-30.
Thursday, May 28th.—Second Time Fed. Matt. xx. 29-39; Mark vii. 32-37.
Friday, May 29th.—Beware of Error. Matt. xvi. 1-12; Mark 8. 12-27.
Saturday, May 30th.—Unanswerable Questions. Luke ix. 18-19. Matt. xvi. 15-37; Mark vii. 38.

WHAT IS THE DIVINE STANDARD.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

(Continued from last week.)

To be perfect in love to God. Though it is impossible to



Soon he confided in the Captain (at an account of his former life, his wife had got a divorce from him, and he asked the Captain to use his influence to bring about a reconciliation. The wife was found, and on hearing of the wonderful change which had taken place in her former husband, she consented to be reunited to him.

A wedding was therefore arranged, which was solemnized in the St. Louis Provincial Headquarters, in the presence of Staff-Captain Oldenburg, Adjutant Shearer, and Miss Nellie Adelle, daughter of Colonel Adelle.

They are now, with their three children, happy in their own little home, saved, and serving God in The Salvation Army.—American Social Gazette.

FAMOUS ACTRESS AND WAYWARD NIECE.

What The Army Did.

"Simple and convincing!" Such was our verdict on a soiled and torn manuscript that fell from the post-bag on to our desk the other day. The tragedy begins in the very first line of the story. "My mother died," says the writer, "when I was but a tiny child. My father and brothers were on the music-hall stage, and as they were travelling about the country a good deal, I was put out to be looked after by some people, who petted and spoiled me, and, indeed, let me do just what I liked."

"When I was thirteen years of age my father married an actress. My step-mother endeavoured to curb my wilful nature, so I determined to have my own way whatever the cost."

"I was intended for the stage, and all arrangements were made for my appearance before the footlights. Time after time, however, the whole of my father's arrangements broke down, and all the time I was getting more wilful and disobedient."

"Moreover, I had become not only an accomplished liar, but a confirmed thief as well. Then, one morning, after a stormy scene with my step-mother, I gathered all my belongings together, and was well on my way out of the house, when I ran into the woman who used to come in daily to do the housework. She took me at once to my aunt's bedroom, and when my father, who was away on tour at the time, heard of the trouble that happened in that room, he determined to

take desperate steps with me.

"One of my aunts is a well-known actress. Hearing of my violent and uncontrollable temper, she wrote to father and suggested his applying to The Salvation Army for advice."

"One Friday he took me to the Headquarters, in Mare Street, and left me there in charge of one of the Officers. On the following Sunday night I got converted."

"I knew nothing about salvation, and I never been in a salvation meeting before. I did not know what the penitent form meant, but soon found it, and realised what it meant to be saved."

"That is some years ago now. I am still striving to follow out the teachings I learned at The Army Home, and am looking forward to the time when I shall be able to go out and fight as an Officer for God and souls under the Blood and Fire Flag."—London Social Gazette.

"TUPPENNY" JEAN.

The Worst Woman in A—.

Let me give here, from my post-bag (says Mrs. Booth) one of the many touching incidents that have come to my notice during the past month. I leave it to the writer's own form of expression: "Let me introduce myself to you as a Salvationist for the last twenty-two years in A—. I intend this letter to convey a compliment to some one of your Staff, and also in formation. In the first place let me say that J.—S.— was imprisoned in — Jail from November, 1907, until January 25, 1908. Your Officer visited and prayed with her weekly—every Wednesday, and her influence upon her led her to The Salvation Army Corps here when she came home, and finally to the penitent form on the Sunday night. That is now two months ago. She is working, earning good wages, and marching in our ranks, giving every evidence of the change of heart, paying bad debts, releasing pledged apparel and household goods weekly."

We give your Officer first place because we can tell all the seeds were first sown by the Officer who visited her in prison, and to-day A.— is gazing in wonder at J.—S.—, who was the worst woman in A—, known as 'Tuppenny Jean.' It has done us a great deal of good during our Self-Denial Effort, and many enquirers are gladly given the answer, "I have seen the worst woman in A—, and she is now a good woman."

all manner of conversation."—I Peter i. 14, 15. John, the beloved who knew his Lord's heart, felt confident of his ground when he said, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9.

This Doctrine was preached by the great John Wesley; for its promulgation the sainted Mrs. Booth contended; for the triumph of this life God's people have been misunderstood and maligned, have endured opposition, misrepresentation, and the odium, "peculiar people." All spiritual success is attributable to this teaching. The light of a holy fire is the radiance that will spread a broad hope and salvation in the world's dark places, and nothing can extinguish it.

Let us, then, consider what are the visible evidences of such a life.

First.—It is a life of prayer. The question may be asked, "What is prayer?"

"The act of beseeching earnestly, as in seeking some favour, entreaty, or offering reverent petitions to divinity, or an act of worship especially to God, accompanied with thanksgiving

CONTEMPTUOUS

"Oh, yes, she is still saved and doing fine!" Now, the information is, that a woman who was in jail with her then, and also visited by your Officer, is again sentenced to twenty days. They were comrades and sinners together, and we, as Soldiers here, unite to ask your Officer to deal and pray with this Mrs. D.—, and we, in turn, will be on her track whenever she is released, God willing. She has come down very far indeed, poor soul!

Praying God will bless you all abundantly, and especially guide and direct the prison visitor, I am, yours faithfully, A— B—."

We will march in His Name, Till we come at His bidding, To rest at His feet!—The Deliverer.

WHITENESS OF SOUL.

A White Flower in a Coal Mine.

Some years ago when I was quite young, I had given me to read, a beautiful little book, was very much struck with a little illustration the writer used to show God's keeping power.

He tells how a party of ladies and gentlemen were one day visiting a coal mine. Going along they noticed growing on the side of the gossamer a beautiful little white flower. They were astonished at its snowy whiteness in a place where coal dust was flying about all the time, and expressed their wonderment. The miner who was escorting them picked up a handful of coal dust and threw it over the flower, but it rolled off again, leaving it perfectly white. On examining it, they found right over the little flower a white enamel that made it impossible for anything to cling to it.

Says the writer: "If God could make and keep a little flower white under such circumstances, surely He can do it for man, who was made in His own image, if wholly given up to Him. He has the power to keep, even in the midst of a wicked and perverse generation."—The Victory.

Deliverance from Snares.

Lord Raglan suddenly ordered the English lines to divide when they were marching, as far as the English knew, right upon the Russian forces. But they soon perceived that the Commander-in-Chief had divided them only because he saw more than they could see, namely, that a company of the enemy was marching round the side of the hill to strike the English unawares in the flank. May not God do something like this with us, that we may escape snares laid for our feet?

confession, and adoration." But I like the sweet thought of Dr. Staiker's "Image Christi."

"In the prayers of those who pray most and best, petitions proper, I venture to say, occupy only an inconsiderable place. Much of prayer expresses the fulness of the soul rather than its emptiness. It is the overflow of the cup. Prayer, at its best, if one may be allowed the expression, is conversation with God, the confidential talk of a child who tells everything to his father."

Confess it.

Confession. "With the heart man believeth, with the mouth confession is made."—Rom. x. 7, 8. (It is as clearly our duty to confess with the mouth as to believe with the heart and confession ministers to believing.) The Lord made Paul a minister and a witness, and he testified to full salvation. Matthew Henry, writing on this subject, says: "What God has wrought in your souls, as well as for them, you declare to others." John Wesley, speaking of conversion, says: "One great means of retaining it, is to frankly declare what God has given you."



IN THE

YOU ask me much downy calm harmonious, successful bet, play-house, and a glass ale now and again," a halved old man, whose tokened wisdom and penitence, younger man, whose face of vexation and disappointment will tell you," he continued, was about your age, I felt just as you do now, some tastes as you have, groce of God, my eyes to

The Hidden Danger

that lurked beneath the harmless amusements, and the opening happened:—

"I had a dream, in which I was wading in the sea-shore; the water crystal, and sparkled in the sun with a lustre that was never equalled in a ball-room. Shells, beautiful colours and form, and also of exceeding shape and beauty, lay in the yellow sands, over fishes, whose backs glimmered with richness and wealth of I had never seen before them were also very gleamed like silver. They reminded me of the phrygian heard applied to spruce cent pieces of the day, and the more gaudy ones out amongst the patch seaweed, whose long, streamers upon the like the black

Hair of Mermaid

that one sometimes sees fantastic pictures.

"The beauties that I hated me, and I waded for their out, seeing fresh chest step I took. Somewhat strange formation of the that drifted along, the seemed to me that

PLEASURE in giant but nevertheless capable characters, was on surface of the rippling

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Dangers Were A

T knew in a general way

IN THE MAELSTROM OF SIN;

Or, An Old Man's Warning. An Allegory.

BY THE EDITOR.

YOU ask me why I am so much down on what you call harmless amusements, such as an occasional bet, a visit to the play-house, and a glass of wine or ale now and again," said a white-haired old man, whose looks betokened wisdom and peace, to a much younger man, whose face bore traces of vexation and disappointment. "I will tell you," he continued. "When I was about your age, I thought and felt just as you do now, and had the same tastes as you have; but, by the grace of God, my eyes were opened to

The Hidden Dangers

that lurked beneath those seemingly harmless amusements, and this is how the opening happened:—

"I had a dream, in which I seemed to be wading in the shallows on the sea-shore: the water was clear as crystal, and sparkled in the rays of the sun with a lustre and brilliancy that was never equalled by any gem in a ball-room. Shells of the most beautiful colours and elegance of form, and also of exceedingly strange shape and beauty, lay in profusion on the yellow sands, over which darted fishes, whose backs glowed with a richness and wealth of colour such as I had never seen before. Some of them were also very small, and gleamed like silver. They irresistibly reminded me of the phrase I had once heard applied to sprats—'The five-cent pieces of the deep.' These, and the more gaudy ones darted in and out amongst the patches of waving seaweed, whose long, dark branches streamed out upon the golden sand like the black

Hair of Mermaids

that one sometimes sees depicted in fantastic pictures.

"The beauties that I beheld fascinated me, and I waded farther and farther out, seeing fresh charms at every step I took. Sometimes by some strange formation of the fleecy clouds that drifted along the azure sky, it seemed to me that the word PLEASURE in giant and irregular, but nevertheless easily distinguishable characters, was cast upon the surface of the rippling waters.

"I was disturbed in my delighted wonderment by a harsh but very earnest voice hailing from the shore. I looked round, and was very much displeased to find that the disturber of my pleasure was a Salvationist. I knew the uniform quite well, having frequently passed The Army's open-air meetings. I had also heard of the good work accomplished by The Salvationists, but concluded from the thoughtless remarks that I had heard from time to time, concerning them and their work, that these people and their religion were not for such as I. The man urged upon me to come back; as the water was very treacherous, and great

Dangers Were Ahead.

I knew in a general way, that what he

said was right enough, but concluded that I knew sufficient to take care of myself, and so, foolishly, turned a deaf ear to the good man's warnings, although he kept shouting and behaving in a frantic manner. In fact, I became a bit disgusted, and, turning my back upon him, continued my interesting way in the water. I found that as I waded into deeper water it became less clear, also that the shells became larger. The latter fact was not altogether pleasant, for the delicate spikes and tapering terminations of the shells that had filled me with admiration when they were smaller, now gave me many a vicious stab as I struck my feet and limbs against them, and caused me much pain. The long ribbon-like weeds whose

Rich Green Colour

and graceful sinuosities had given me much pleasure, now twisted themselves round my legs like india rub-

ber now, when I attempted to stem it, I found it to be exceedingly strong. It was also rapidly growing swifter every moment.

"The current seemed to assume a circular motion, and I, instead of making headway against it, was forced to retreat farther and farther seaward. The water, although not deep enough to submerge me, was now quite black and frothy. I also felt all sorts of slimy creatures brushing against my legs and body; and I was frequently tripped up by the seaweed entanglements. At times a pair of hideous goggle eyes would glare at me through the water, and then disappear again into the inky depths. Now a long whip-like tentacle would be shot into the air, or the water would become

Violently Agitated

by the movements of I knew not what. I looked about me with a feeling of

waters had formed a huge

Funnel-Shaped Hollow

surrounded with a deep fringe of boiling foam. I was carried around and around with amazing velocity, and it became borne in upon my mind that I was in the vortex of a whirlpool. At this moment I was almost suffocated by the foam which the cross-currents cast up. I was buffeted this way and that way, just like a chip that is cast into a rapid, then again, like a chip that has been caught in a current, I was whirled away. The circles ever became narrower and narrower, until at last I found myself engulfed in the belt of roaring foam which edged the vast funnel-like depression in the water I have already mentioned. The sight I beheld made me cry out in anguish.

"Once as I stood on a Cornish cliff; too high and too perpendicular to see the raging waters that dashed about its granite base, I lay upon my breast, and creeping to the edge I gazed into the boiling flood, over one thousand feet below. And as I, whilst in the water, was hurled to the edge of the tunnel, I saw a somewhat similar sight, save that instead of the black granite perpendicular cliff, I saw the sloping sides of the vast funnel thousands of feet in diameter at the top, and perhaps thousands of feet deep. The sides of the funnel were as black as ebony, and shone like glass. In the few moments that I was whirled about in the surf I seemed to see all the events of a lifetime, and in the foaming water at the bottom of the funnel, to my frantic vision appeared, in dense black characters, the word DAMNATION. To my horror I saw human faces with distorted countenances, and eyes that glared with terror disappearing one after another beneath the waters, to be carried away by the terrible undercurrent to their eternal doom. I shrieked with terror as I was caught by the flood and found myself in the silent, glassy, ebullient funnel, borne away in ever-decreasing circles to

The Torments Below.

"Although I was in a terrible condition, as you will easily understand, from what I have said, my mind reverted to the warnings of The Salvationist, and I cursed myself for my worse than folly in disregarding his counsel, especially, seeing that I had been warned again and again of the maelstrom of sin.

"The whirl was now carrying me along in its swift gyrations, when I noticed that an object below me was descending the sides of the funnel much less rapidly than myself, and soon I was carried into its proximity. I then discovered the object to be two pieces of wood joined together in the form of a cross. At once the 'line of a hymn which I had often heard the Salvationists singing came into my mind. This is it—'Simply to Thy Cross I cling.' I at once threw myself upon it and

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"I Became a Bit Disgusted, and Turning My Back Upon Him, Continued My Interesting Way in the Water."

her hands, the toughness of their fibre making the work of freeing myself more laborious and irksome. The fish, too, had lost their charm and delicate colouring, and, as it seemed to me, their elegance and shape. But I attributed this to a distorted vision, owing to the depth of the water. There was another thing that I now noticed: the shadows cast by the clouds upon the water seemed to spell out a word strangely like VICE. However, in the hope that I should find other things that would interest me, I continued my wading, the water meanwhile getting

Deeper and Deeper.

At last I thought I had gone far enough, and had better return to the shore. But on attempting to do so, I found that a strong current had set in which, as it had been flowing seaward, had not been noticed by me;

dread, and as my eyes rested upon the black waters, the tawny froth, which I have already mentioned, seemed to resolve itself into characters, and to spell out the word CRIME. I looked eagerly toward the shore, where I saw that the water was rapidly swirling round and round, and the places where had appeared the words PLEASURE and VICE were now marked by great belts of foam. In despair, I turned my eyes seaward, and saw to my horror that the view had completely changed.

The force of the current had also now become so very strong as to carry me off my feet, and I found myself being swept away in a current that was running as strong and as swiftly as a mill-race. But before the water had washed me off my feet, I had seen that in front of me the



Major and Mrs. Morris Visit Our Indian Comrades.

Upon enquiry at the office of the Hudson Bay Steamship Company, we were told, "If you desire to catch a boat up the Skeena River to Hazelton, it will be necessary for you to leave at once." It was certainly a little awkward just then to wind up our business at the Provincial Headquarters, but there being no alternative, the following evening, April 24th, we caught the S.S. "Princess May," and, after two days' delightful sail, save one stormy night, when the winds howled and the waves splashed high, we cast anchor off Port Essington.

"There he is," said Mrs. Morris, and scurrying along at break-neck speed, we beheld Adjutant Blackburn, rushing to the water's edge to greet us as the small boat pulled in.

We were just in time for the afternoon and night meetings, and what good times we had, with record crowds, finances, and rich blessing to our souls. The singing of the natives was the most striking feature. It was simply delightful, musical in the extreme, and carried with a swing that was inspiring. Here are the English words of one of the choruses:

"Then take up all the armour, the helmet and the sword,
And shout for truth and victory and battle for the Lord;
And battle for the Lord, yes, battle for the Lord,
We'll shout for truth and victory and battle for the Lord."

We have been privileged to remain until today, Thursday, and, during that time, have held five meetings, in the last of which, the Local Officers were commissioned.

Today we leave on the "Port Simpson" for Hazelton, and on to Glen Vowell. The river is gradually rising, and all being well, we shall reach our destination in three or four days. The Cry readers may expect to hear further particulars respecting our travels.

A WOODSTOCK WEDDING.

Sergeant Camber and Secretary Churchill.

The visit of Brigadier Turner, to Woodstock, N. B., for the Easter week-end was a great success. Much blessing was experienced, and twelve souls knelt at the mercy seat.

On Easter Monday a Hallelujah Wedding took place, when Sergeant George S. Camber and Secretary Mary E. Churchill were made man and wife. The Citadel was packed to its utmost capacity. Whilst Ensign Martin was lining out the first song, the bridal party entered. The Bride wore full Army uniform, with a white sash, and was supported by Miss Edith Peeth. The groom was supported by J. Preacher. Little Vernon Wilcox acted as flower girl.

After prayers had been offered up on behalf of the ceremony that was to take place, the Brigadier read from the Word of God and ably explained from same, for about twenty minutes. Adjutant Carter then sang one of his famous solos which captivated the assembled audience in every shape and form. Next followed speeches from ex-Bandmaster Nielsen, Sergeant-Major Sutton, Ensign Martin and Adjutant Carter. A solo next by Captain Porter, was as usual, beautifully rendered.

The marriage ceremony was then performed by the Brigadier, and the happy event closed with prayer that the future of the young couple would be happy and prosperous.

An Irrepressible Humourist.

A Short Account of the Exploits of Ensign Bristow.



Ensign Bristow.

THE Lieutenant who acted as junior clerk in the General Secretary's Department, at T. H. Q., climbed laboriously up the five flights of stairs to his office one hot Monday morning (it was before the installation of the elevator) and, on arriving at the fifth landing, breathless and perspiring, he observed a travel-worn looking stranger carelessly perched on the top of the balustrade. He wore a Captain's uniform, and the Lieutenant immediately came to the conclusion that this was the individual Lieut-Colonel Gaskin had told him to meet at the Union Depot on Saturday afternoon, on his arrival from Winnipeg. He did not arrive, however, on that particular afternoon, much to the disappointment of the Lieutenant, who had been looking forward to spending a good Sunday with the man from the "Wild and Woolly West," and initiating him into the ways of the Ontario folk.

"I suppose you are Captain Bristow?" he asked.

"Well, Bristow's the name on my birth certificate, but they call me 'Buster Brown,' out West," replied the other.

The Lieutenant gave a gasp. "You're a bit late in arriving, aren't you? We expected you Saturday."

"Oh, that's nothing, trains are anything from six to sixteen hours late in this country, but I happened this trip to get taken right on to Ottawa, and so I've had a roundabout journey. I put in a good Sunday there, however, and we had some souls at the mercy seat, but, say, how's salvation going to-day?"

"How's what?" asked the Lieutenant, who was unused to such phraseology.

"Are you well-saved to-day?—let me see,"—and so saying, the Captain caught hold of the Lieutenant's curly locks, and gave them a hard tug.

"Well, that's a queer way of finding out," quoth the Lieutenant; "reminds me of the test my father used to employ to find out if a dog was thoroughbred or not. He'd hold him up by his tail, and of the dog squealed, he was bound to be a mongrel!"

"Well, it's not everybody's hair you can pull without them squealing," said the Captain, "so, as you've stood the test, I think we'd better pray. Come on, get down on your marrow-bones, and pray like sixty. I can see you're as different as chalk and cheese, but we've both got the same

purpose in view, and we'll soon get on alright."

And that is how Arthur Bristow introduced himself at Territorial Headquarters.

We will now proceed to introduce him a little more fully to our readers. He was born in that interesting place where they always know the proper time of day, namely, Greenwich, England. As a lad, he worked in his Uncle's office as a junior clerk. Getting tired of quill-driving, and longing for adventures in foreign climes, Arthur began to turn his eyes toward the Canadian North-West, where he imagined he would find plenty of excitement in shooting bears and fighting Indians. To make a long story short, he finally reached Birtle in Manitoba, where, much to his disgust, he had to settle down to the tame and prosaic work of farming, in order to make a living. Fact and fancy are two different things he discovered. He soon after moved to Brandon, and here he was first impressed by The Salvation Army. He attended the meetings, and got deeply under conviction.

During this period, he joined a certain benefit society, and on the night of his initiation into the Order a strange thing happened. He was waiting in the ante-room, and the examining brethren came to him.

"Do you believe in God?" they asked. A pang shot through his heart, and the voice of conscience whispered, "If you did, you wouldn't do the things you do now."

That settled him, and shortly afterwards he knelt at The Salvation Army penitential form, and publicly accepted Christ as his Saviour. Whatever else Bristow may have doubted in his lifetime, he has never doubted the reality of his conversion. It was clear and definite. It might be said that on the night of his salvation, he also heard the call to the Work. His mind went back to a scene in far-off England. He saw an old Church, a crowd of worshippers, an impassioned preacher, himself as a boy of nine years of age. Once again he heard the words of the sermon ringing in his ears, and knew that it was God's voice calling him to devote his whole life to the service of the sanctuary. If he had only been obedient to the heavenly vision then? What might be not have been? But here was another chance for him. God was gracious. He had not dealt with him after his sins.

So Bristow became a Cadet, and was sent to Rat Portage. At this place his mortal life was near to being extinguished, and, but for the Providence of God he would have found a watery grave. One day as he was crossing the frozen Lake of the Woods, with a bundle of War Cry, he saw a man wildly gesticulating, on the opposite shore. He was pointing to a place just ahead of the Cadet, and yelling, "Open water!" For some time the Cadet had noticed that the snow lying on the ice was getting sloppier, and he now saw with alarm, that at every step he took, he sunk ankle-deep in the slush. The warning reached him just in time, for in another minute, he would, undoubtedly, have crashed through the thin ice, into the cold waters below, without any chance of being rescued. He made

(Continued on page 15.)

MEN'S SOCIAL NOTES.

By Lieut.-Colonel Pugnile.

I had the pleasure of conducting a service at the Central Prison recently, which was attended by 200 convicts. A number desired to give themselves to God, asking for our help.

In company with Major and Mrs. Green, and members of the League of Mercy, while at Hamilton recently, a service was held in the Jail. Two or three gave themselves to God.

Information has just come to hand from Staff-Captain Collier, that arrangements have now been made for meetings to be held in the Vancouver City Jail every week. The Staff-Captain has his hands full. What with the Men's Social side of things, and meetings to conduct in the New Westminster and Vancouver Jails, the Boy's Reformatory, and also in having control of the Work of The Army in connection with the Penitentiary, we wish him success.

We have just heard from Miss Edwards that the Salvage Department at Ottawa, which has just recently been opened, is doing well, and will answer the purpose for which it has been opened.

INDIA and CEYLON.

Gujarat.—Colonel Mithri Bai (Rovers) recently dedicated a number of Jamadar's children, and, as a thank-offering, these comrades have bought a piece of land and given it to The Army to build an Officers' Quarters, which was much needed.

South India.—Colonel Nuran (Cass) the Territorial Leader of the South Indian Territory, recently dedicated the first Dispensary in Oromboly Frontier. A meeting in connection with the opening, was held on Saturday, the 4th inst., and the chair was taken by a wealthy Mohammedan landlord residing at Panakar, a town seven miles from the Frontier, on the British side. He made a nice little speech with regard to The Salvation Army, and its work, especially the Hospital Work, as his wife was treated at the Catherine Booth Hospital, and cured. He also spoke highly of the merits of Doctor Daya Naza (Turner) and Staff.

A collection was taken, in which everyone gave something either in money or promises. The chairman himself undertook to brick the floor of the patients' waiting-room.

The caste people came in procession with covers laden with fruit, garlands, etc., before the meeting commenced, and laid them before Colonel Nuran. All the leading Officers and the chairman were garlanded. The low caste people residing at Oromboly, also brought garlands and fruit, also some contributions for the Medical Work. The Dispensary is a solid building, and is a great boon to the people of Oromboly.

How to Overcome.

It is said that an ancient King was asked by a courtier how to resist temptation to evil. "Carry that jug filled to the brim with water, through the streets," said the King, "and if you spill a drop your life shall be forfeited." The man returned without spilling a drop. "What did you see as you walked?" inquired the King. "Nothing but the water. I could think of nothing else." "Then," said the King, "fix your eyes on God as steadfastly as you did on the water, and you will know the secret of resisting sin."

Memorable Anniversary.

The anniversary victory of the Mexican French troops in the town, when General General Lorenz at the battle of Mexico City. The engagement took place in 1867.

Another anniversary celebrated in Madrid, far from remembered hundred years ago, national uprising Bonaparte commenced until the year 1814. Spaniards, aided by the French, succeeded in gaining the throne. It is to be hoped and Mexico will now the arts of peace, to develop the life of their rich country.

America and Japan.

It is good news that the ratification treaty has been between the United States and Japan on the terms of the agreements which were agreed between the European nations. The ideas adopted at a Conference. The treaty was signed on May 6th, by the Secretary of State, and the Emperor of Japan, permit of the arbitration of nearly every dispute that may arise between the two powers. Surely, the war.

Loss of Japanese.

Whilst a Japanese ship was lying at anchor in the Peccadores, an explosion occurred on board the cruiser "Matsushima," immediately sank, and was visible. The ship was made by hoaxes "Hakodate" and only 141 men were rescued. The son of the Vice-minister of War of Field Marshal Oda was killed.

The Peccadores group between Fort. They belonged to when they were captured.

International Work.

The International Council of Work in Canada this year. It will be presided over by the Vice-minister of War, and will last place of meeting was the time fixed is five weeks will be devoted to the work of the officers, and the secretaries arranged by the council, during which questions in which were discussed anthropology, Education, etc. It is expected to be present from the different parts of America, and addressed by many able men.

The New King of.

The boy-King of took the oath of office. After the taken, King Manuel discourse:—"My id prosperity, and winning of my people the balcony of the King, by the Grace of the realm, where of the heralds, the rose up, and the carried the news to the people."

The British Budget.

The Budget was House of Commons. Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, presented it.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

Memorable Anniversaries.

The anniversary of the first great victory of the Mexican army over the French troops in the War of Intervention, when General Zaragoza defeated General Lorez at Puebla, was celebrated by a great military parade in Mexico City. The memorable engagement took place on May 5th, 1867.

Another anniversary was recently celebrated in Madrid, when the Spaniards remembered the events of one hundred years ago. At that time the national uprising against Napoleon Bonaparte commenced. It was not until the year 1814, however, that the Spaniards, aided by the British, succeeded in gaining their independence.

It is to be hoped that both Spain and Mexico will now make progress in the arts of peace, and set themselves to develop the internal resources of their rich countries.

America and Japan.

It is good news to hear that an arbitration treaty has been signed between the United States and Japan on the lines of the several arbitration agreements which have been negotiated between the United States and European nations in accordance with the plans adopted at the recent Hague Conference. The treaty was signed on May 6th, by Mr. Root, American Secretary of State, and Mr. Takahira, permit of the arbitration at the Hague of nearly every class of dispute which may arise between the signatory powers. Surely, this is better than war.

Loss of Japanese Cruiser.

Whilst a Japanese squadron was lying at anchor in Makanga Harbour in the Pescadore Islands, a fearful explosion occurred on board the cruiser "Matsushima." The vessel immediately sank, until only the bridge was visible. Efforts at rescue were made by boats from the cruisers "Hakodate" and "Itisushima," but only 141 men were saved, whilst 240 perished. The sons of Baron Chinda, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, and of Field Marshal Oyama, are amongst the dead.

The Pescadores are a low island group between Formosa and China. They belonged to China until 1895, when they were ceded to Japan.

International Women's Council.

The Conference of the International Council of Women, will be held in Canada this year for the first time. It will be presided over by Lady Aberdeen, and will last two weeks. The place of meeting will be Toronto, and the time fixed is for June. The first week will be devoted to meetings arranged by the International officers, and the second week to a congress arranged by the Canadian Council, during which, all sorts of questions in which women are interested will be discussed, such as Philanthropy, Education, Public Health, etc. It is expected that delegates will be present from European countries, different parts of the Empire, and America, and addresses will be delivered by many able men and women.

The New King of Portugal.

The boy-king of Portugal recently took the oath of allegiance to his people. After the oath had been taken, King Manuel read the following discourse:—"My ideal is the nation's prosperity, and my ambition is the winning of my people's love." From the balcony of the parliament buildings, Manuel was formally proclaimed King, by the Grand Standard Bearer of the realm, whereupon the shouts of the heralds, "Long live the King," rose up, and the booming of guns carried the news throughout the city.

The British Budget.

The Budget was presented in the House of Commons on May 7th, by Mr. Asquith, the Premier, instead of



Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This departure from precedent, is the result of the recent changes in the Cabinet. After briefly commenting on the present slackening of trade throughout the world, following the boom year of 1907, he announced that Great Britain's realised surplus for the year 1907-1908 amounted to £23,630,000. This, he said, would be largely applied to the reduction of the national debt which had already been reduced by approximately £30,000,000 during the past year.

Mr. Asquith estimated the total expenditure for 1908-1909 at \$764,345,000, and the revenue on the existing basis of taxation at \$738,850,000. The new Budget reduced the duty on sugar, from one dollar, to forty-four cents per hundredweight.

Sixty Years an Emperor.

On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, the heads of the princely houses of Germany, led by the Emperor William, gathered in Vienna, to present their congratulations to the aged monarch. A series of festivities were inaugurated throughout the dual monarchy, to celebrate the occasion. The Emperor William and the Empress, were welcomed to Vienna by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person. Emperor William made a speech, in which he tendered the Austrian Emperor the congratulations of those present upon the sixtieth anniversary of the beginning of his reign.

More Trouble in India.

A despatch from Simla announces that a body of Afghans, estimated to be between thirteen and twenty thousand strong, have crossed the border into India. They made determined efforts to capture a blockhouse held by a detachment of the Khyber Rifles, but the attack failed. The Afghan Government has made no attempt to check the fanatical tribesmen, who openly marched through the Bazar Valley, by the main routes. General Willecks hastened his troops to the spot, and inflicted a severe repulse on the raiders. Simultaneously with this outbreak, a conspiracy against Europeans was afoot in Calcutta. It was discovered by the police, and a number of bombs and cartridges were seized. Over thirty arrests were made. An examination of these persons revealed the activity of the situation. Many made startling admissions, regarding the intentions of the conspirators, against public officials. One man said he had travelled all

over India in connection with the movement, which he described as a great revolutionary campaign against the Government.

Anti-Cigarette Legislation.

It is probable that the attention of the Dominion Parliament will be called to the question of the cigarette this session. The Government proposes to make an amendment to the Criminal Code regulating the sale of cigarettes to minors.

At the present time, there are Provincial enactments forbidding the sale of cigarettes to children, but it has been stated in parliament that in most places no attempt is being made to enforce the law in question, and possibly, to bring the matter under the Criminal Code would have a wholesome effect. We hope that something definite will be done in this direction.

The Prince of Wales on Canada.

Speaking at the Royal Colonial Institute, the Prince of Wales said:—"This Summer I shall again cross the Atlantic, in order to represent the King at the celebration of the first colonisation of Canada by Champlain, three hundred years ago. Though lack of time, unfortunately, does not permit my visit being extended beyond Quebec, I look forward with much pleasure to revisiting the Dominion for the sixth time, and joining with its people in this great national commemoration."

The Prince then dwelt on the marvellous development of the Empire, by the aid of rapid communication, pointing out, incidentally, how the Canadian Pacific had helped to make the nation. He pointed out that there must be mutual effort and self-sacrifice on the part of Britain and her Colonies, if their common interests were to be safeguarded, and he also called attention to the importance of reciprocity in educational matters. The fact that Oxford University had chosen Dr. Osler, a distinguished Canadian, for its regius professor of medicine, and that Professor Bovey had been called from McGill to be rector of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, was considered by the Prince to be a good sign of the sympathetic relations existing between the old Universities and the younger portions of the Empire.

A Unique Memorial.

According to statistics, over half a million people in the six New England States of America were born

in Canada. These citizens have sent a memorial to President Roosevelt and the Senate, thanking them for the ratification of the arbitration treaty with Great Britain, which they regard as an additional proof of the development of that cordial good feeling, and that desire to promote the real interests of humanity, which have of late years marked the relations between these two great countries. The signers of the memorial, ventured to express the hope that the President would ratify the treaties now pending between the United States on the one hand, and Canada and Newfoundland on the other. They are convinced that such action would be for the best interests of the countries concerned, and would tend to cement and perpetuate the existing relations of amity and commerce between the States and all other English-speaking communities throughout the world.

Old Age Pensions.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain has intimated the intention of the Government to provide for old persons out of the national treasury. It is proposed to pay \$1.25 a week to persons over seventy years of age, already in receipt of poor-law relief, and all whose incomes otherwise exceed \$130.00 a year. On this footing, he calculates that the total number of persons eligible for pensions will not exceed 500,000; the cost of the scheme amounting to \$30,000,000 annually. It will not come into operation until the first of January, 1909. From what source this money is to be obtained, is not yet certain.

Etna Getting Active.

For some time past, Mount Etna, a volcano in Sicily, has been showing signs of renewed activity. Earthquake shocks are being constantly felt in the vicinity of the mountain, and an extensive eruption is expected. A party of experts in volcanic phenomena, went some way up the mountain on May 6th, and found that a new crater had opened at a height of 7,000 feet. After ejecting columns of steam and clouds of stones and ashes, which fell largely on the village of Acreate, the crater became the source of two streams of lava, which followed the courses taken by the lava in the eruptions of 1819 and 1852. Scientists declare that, of all the magnificent phenomena presented by the volcano, the most impressive is perhaps, the low muttering of the advancing lava streams, which can be heard a long way off in the moments of the crater's silence.

FRENCH CORPS REOPENED.

March Arouses Much Interest—A Mixed Audience.

It was made necessary to change the locality of our French work in Montreal, and Adjutant Cabrit, our French Officer, succeeded in securing a little hall close to St. Lawrence Boulevard, on Vitre Street. It is known as a bad locality, but for that very reason it is just the place where the Army ought to be.

On Friday, May 8th, at 7.30 p.m., the Band of No. IV. Corps, and Soldiers from all the city Corps, gathered in the Hall. The Officers present were Adjutant Bloss, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Moore, Adjutant Cabrit, Captain Dunlop, Captain Penfold and Strenlaw. The Hall was fresh and sweet with new paper, paint, and the liberal supply of soap and water bestowed upon its floor and windows.

We formed a procession and surprised the population with the strains of The Salvation Army Band and singing. Surprise was written on every face. It is many years since The Army had marched in that locality, and the people thronged the sidewalk to see us.

When we returned to the Hall quite a crowd of men followed us in, many of them being Frenchmen, though several were Jews, and one was a Chinaman. Many of them stayed throughout, though some went out, but their places were taken by new people again. Adjutant Bloss led the meeting, and there was quite a varied programme. The Band played several times; there were some solos, songs, testimonies, prayer, and Bible reading. The Adjutant dwelt on the text, "He hath made of one blood all nations." Much of the meeting was in French, it being better understood than English.

Adjutant Cabrit opened the prayer meeting with an earnest address. There was marked silence and the closest attention while she spoke. One man was in tears. The Adjutant spoke to him afterwards personally, and he said in French, "I've heard enough to make me sick for three weeks. I never came to the Army before. I did not expect to be so upset in a meeting. Yes, I'll come again. Do pray for me. No! not to-night," and he went on to say that he dared not take such a step.

The order throughout was good, as was also the collection. There was no evidence of any hostile feeling.—Mrs. Staff-Captain Moore.

LAUGHTER AS A HABIT.

Something to be Cultivated.

The habit of good-natured laughter can be cultivated, and should be encouraged from every point of view. There are few conditions which are trying which cannot be made at least a trifle brighter and better by infecting laughter and smiles into them.

Everybody recognises that there are suitable and unsuitable seasons of mirth. Yet the proportions of unsuitable seasons is much smaller than many think it duly considered.

If we laugh at all the times, and under all the circumstances when such disposition is entirely amenable, from a sensible point of view, we may find many opportunities.

Many a family jar can be avoided by treating accidents and trivial matters in a mischievous spirit, instead of magnifying them into tragedies. A scorched dinner may be better taken with cheerfulness than with solemn faces that spread unhappiness around.—Local Officer

A Rush Through Russia.

A Most Interesting Account of Russia and Its People as Seen Through the Eyes of Commissioner Railton.

UP to the point of crossing the Russian border from Jassey, my two mouths' and-a-half of travel had been very interesting, though I had little hope of their leading to any immediate advance of The Army, except perhaps, to Hungary, where we should have every liberty. In Serbia, there is no liberty at all. In Bulgaria and Roumania there is any amount of need, and I think we could succeed very well with care.

A Hospitable Reception.

But, Russia—would they even let me in? I really did not know till my train was fairly on the way from the frontier to Odessa, and even then I wondered if I would be stopped at the station, or what. Instead of stoppage, though the city is under the "state of siege" regulations, and men are being shut up or being executed daily, still, I had the most delightful of welcomes to his home and Church from a Baptist preacher, who knows some English, and was already in love with The Salvation Army, from what he had heard from a son in America, and others. But what was my astonishment to find that both Russian and German-speaking Baptists had had for years great churches on main thoroughfares of this half-million city, and had, even in the most troublous times, been able to go on with their work unhindered. And how much more, still, it surprised me to have the Governor General of the Province receive me personally, for an hour's confidential talk, and express the utmost admiration for our Social plans and work, which he looks to see going in the great city, in which there is no institution of any kind for the help of the multitudes in need, for whom he really cares so much. His lady was with us, and when I remarked how hard must be the lot of the wives of great officials "sentenced to death" by the anarchists, she smiled, and said, "Ah, it is three years now, and we are used to it." How ashamed I felt that the great English people should have been so misled and kept in the dark all these years, as to feel no interest in this huge nation, and the rulers of it, who, through the indifference and pride of its "orthodox" church, have been so long kept from doing what they could for the good of its people. May Canada, as one of Russia's next door neighbours, show a better spirit and greater intelligence, and become one of the chief helpers of the Russian people. It has already taken in many of its most troublesome ones. May it not judge of the great mass from these well-meaning cranks.

Getting Russians Converted.

After visiting several places near Odessa, where German-speaking Baptist farmers have long been getting their Russian labourers converted, and where they will gladly help us to place sheltered men and women on their farms. I went with the brethren from this neighbourhood to Lodz, one of the cities that has been renowned for bomb-throwing, etc., but where I was told I might expect to see men and women from all over Russia, and from Siberia come to a Sunday School Convention. I was not disappointed.

There were some two hundred brothers and sisters from every part of the country, including Siberia, met together chiefly to hear a regular course of lessons on their work.

Lodz, a town of some 350,000 inhabitants, mostly employed in factories, was another surprise. The "state of siege" is maintained there still, and appears much more than in Odessa. The soldiers go about, even when just sent alone on a message, bayonets fixed, and they have only too much reason to fear some sudden attack, for the revolutionists roam about sometimes in bands of twenty or thirty, armed with revolvers, and have repeatedly overpowered smaller bodies of men in broad daylight, and, after killing or wounding them, have just taken what they pleased. But for any honest working folk there is nothing to fear. The terrible impressions made upon our minds as to Russia, by cablegrams, which only tell of murders and executions, have no justification in anything now visible. There are also legions of bandits roaming about, and capable of any crime daily; but there is also a government capable of facing even this state of things, resolved to preserve or restore order, and to give to all a fair chance to live in peace together.

A Good Field.

That in cities where the people are so divided in religion and race, it should be easy for agitators to stir up hatred and trouble, is natural enough; but the remarkable thing is that as a rule, Jews and Gentiles, Poles, Russians and Germans should all live and work together so very harmoniously. Year after year there is as peaceful a state of things in Odessa as in Winnipeg or Chicago, and I have not the shadow of a doubt that when we are able to offer out-of-work and out-of-banishment-and-prisons employment, and home, there will be much less hope for agitators, of whom I do not feel at all inclined to think harshly, seeing what a dreadful neglect of the poor has been so long prevalent.

Perhaps, the best news I have yet heard in all Russia, is, that inside the "orthodox" church, there is now a great stirring up, so that there will be a great division, it is said, unless there be speedily a great reformation. The whole educated part of the nation is set upon progress, May God guide it thereto, along paths of peace.

Two Easters.

By the way, I have this year had the enjoyment of two Easters, which have helped me to believe for any amount of resurrection needed. The orthodox church keeps, of course, to the old style, and compels Government, and everybody else, not only in Russia, but in all the Balkan countries, to keep thirteen days behind the rest of mankind in their reckoning. But Lodz and neighbourhood, being close to the German frontier, and mainly Roman Catholic, keep the feast at the earlier date, when your unrivalled Easter War Cry was (I hope) being as fully appreciated at home as abroad. The sight I saw that Easter morning was more Salvationist than any I have seen these months. A huge churchful of two thousand or

more people all marched out around the church, of course, joined by thousands more, three times, singing Hallelujah, whilst two charming little girls strewn flowers for the chief officiating priest to march on. Then all who could crammed the church again, and heard a preacher, whose voice was distinctly audible right across the great square before the church. The only word of this great Polish discourse which I could make out, was "Christus," but it made me feel very comfortable about the rest, to know that it came so often. All this was between 6 and 8 a.m. I had several delightful opportunities to speak for God in German later in the day, as I have had indeed, wherever I have met with Baptist or other earnest Christians (sometimes converted Jews), throughout this journey, At Riga.

Here in Riga, Easter Sunday was much stiller than in most of Russia, for the Lutheran Church is here supreme. There are, however, three Baptist Churches, a street mission with three "barracks" which would have been begun and kept up under our flag if it had only been here in time three years ago, and a great Temperance Society. This last, however, the Lutheran Consistory was able to prevent from saying a word about Christ, because its organisers, when they prepared their statutes, were unable to imagine such obstruction, and only got permission to advocate temperance. So the police, which is here as utterly under priestly pressure as it used to be when we began in Germany, kept this society to the letter of its statutes, and so would have opened our road to be the first really Christian Temperance movement in Riga, where all admit the urgent need for such efforts; but that the leaders found out that they could get special license from the police if they applied each time beforehand.

Russia's Splendid Cities.

At Warsaw and Vilna, which I saw on my Northern run, of Riga itself, Libau, Revel, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, or other cities that I expect to see ere I reach Odessa again, I only wish to say that in England, people have not the remotest conception of the splendour of Russian cities, with which we have nothing at all to compare. We imagine everywhere the squalor and poverty of London, and whereas Odessa is one of the most splendid and lovely cities I ever saw, quite in French style; Lodz, Warsaw, Vilna and Riga being up to the level of the very best and newest to be seen in Berlin.

For our Army I confess to an ambition not merely to do in Russia what by God's help we do everywhere, but to take a front place in removing from England those false impressions which stupidly ignorant and crafty politicians have allowed to block the way to the hearty fellowship which ought to have existed between us, and the loveable, simple, hearty people of Russia. For the great few who, during their best night and day for the country, every Salvationist ought to pray and believe. Many of them will be our warm, outspoken, active friends as soon as they get to know our work.

The biggest farms in the world are in South Australia, where the average squatter hold 78,000 acres.

The League

Mrs. Colonel Sow Meeting

Saturday night demonstration and blessing, the lead weathered present.

Certainly, the favour condition poured through cliff and Jam and robust. By true Blood and League of Merc them said late speech. "The p will go, rain or

The glad, p ciferous welcom to Mrs. Colonel visit to them, by any amount her before—as said, because h blessed and cl labours of love charmed to gre listen to her jo

Mrs. Brigadle oned the meeti chairwoman. E and their visiti white-sashed wa giving a good the particular her.

Mrs. Sowton the many kind half. She told in all the effort bers." Their w the public eye—the scenes, bu great deal on thing will be m predated deep self-denying lov volved on the when they left to go forth and

Sergeant-Maj charge of Mo the League, w Incidentally, s no fewer than dred War Cry to various patie ferent Hospitals past month. M an ardent Sal who hears the continuous valu very early day tory, in witness a Soldier's Long and her follow- sweetly a beau Consul Booth-T which was tak entire audience

"Blessed Jesu All the way v Never to His

A deal of v service throug ing upon each- to either speak told us that an of the Homes sing one of the was somewhat- dently memory l from the long mother need to Bethel, by whoe are led." Elev took up the rel of whom was n

The League of Mercy. ONE WEEK'S WORK.

Mrs. Colonel Sowton Conducts a Special Meeting at Montreal.

Saturday night's League of Mercy demonstration well repaid, in interest and blessing, the goodly number who had weathered wind and rain to be present.

Certainly, the elements did not favour conditions — incessant rain poured throughout the day, enough to chill and dampen even the strong and robust. But this only proved the true Blood and Fire mettle of the League of Mercy workers. As one of them said later, in her neat, little speech, "The people always know we will go, rain or shine."

The glad, spontaneous—almost vociferous welcome these sisters gave to Mrs. Colonel Sowton on her first visit to them, could not be dampened by any amount of rain! They loved her before—as Sergeant-Major Colley said, because her letters had so often blessed and cheered them in their labours of love, but now they were charmed to greet her in person, and listen to her loving counsels.

Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave chaperoned the meeting, in the capacity of chairwoman. Beside and behind her and their visiting Leader sat the ten white-sashed warriors, each capable of giving a good report, personally, of the particular charge entrusted to her.

Mrs. Sowton responded warmly to the many kind things said on her behalf. She told of her deep interest in all the efforts of the League members. Their work is out of sight of the public eye—it is carried on behind the scenes, but it will count for a great deal on that day when everything will be made manifest. She appreciated deeply the many acts of self-denying love which their toil involved on the workers themselves, when they left their own little homes to go forth and bless others.

Sergeant-Major Colley, who is in charge of Montreal's operations of the League, was the first to speak. Incidentally, she mentioned, that no fewer than one thousand one hundred War Crys had been distributed to various patients or inmates of different Hospitals or Homes during the past month. Miss Colley herself is an ardent Salvation Army warrior, who hears the proud distinction of continuous valuable service since the very early days of The Army's history, in witness to which, she wears a Soldier's Long Service Badge. She, and her fellow-workers, rendered very sweetly a beautiful song of the late Consul Booth-Tucker's, the chorus of which was taken up heartily by the entire audience:

"Blessed Jesus, Jesus.
All the way with Jesus I will go,
Never to His Voice will I say no!"

A deal of variety characterised the service throughout. Mrs. Sowton calling upon each member of the League to either speak or sing. One speaker told us that an old Scotch lady in one of the Homes visited, asked her to sing one of the Psalms. At first she was somewhat taken back, but suddenly memory brought back to her: from the long ago, one that her mother used to sing: "Oh! God of Bethel, by whose hand Thy people still are led." Eleven old ladies at once took up the refrain most lustily—one of whom was ninety-six years of age.

Remarkable Figures Given by The General at His 79th Birthday Celebration.

THE LAST SEVEN DAYS OF THE 79TH YEAR.

These will be remembered, The General recently celebrated his 79th birthday, and in the course of a remarkable address, and amid breathless interest, The General said:—

"Let me show you what The Salvation Army has done, during only the last seven days of the seventy-ninth year of The General's life. (Volley.) The calculations have been very carefully made, and, therefore, they can be relied upon.

"During that time The Army has been preaching Salvation in thirty-two different languages, in at least fifty-two countries and colonies.

"It has held, in its Halls, in these different countries and colonies, no less than 46,000 meetings, attended by 1,400,000 people. Thirty thousand meetings also, were held in the open air, attended by 2,000,000 people, so that 3,400,000 people have had preached to them the truth about time, eternity, the Judgment Bar, and the crucifixion and resurrection of our Lord.

"Three hundred thousand addresses have been given, while 367,000 prayers have been offered, asking God Almighty to send salvation down upon them, and, as a result of these prayers, no less than 5,600 souls have knelt at the mercy seat. (Long volleys.)

"During the same week, our Officers and Soldiers visited 15,000 liquor-shops, by means of which we reached another half-million. One hundred drunkards were at the mercy seat seeking salvation. (Shouts of "Praise God!")

Millions Visited and Helped.

"Music and singing have been taught to more than 20,000 individuals. Twenty thousand bandmen tramped, during the week, 55,000 miles, playing their salvation strains.

"Our Officers visited more than

"Ah," said the old lady after the song was finished, "God has never failed me yet."

Another Worker said that when she started visiting a certain Hospital, she was not at all sure whether the nursing staff cared whether she came or not, although the patients themselves did. But time has proved to her she was mistaken; she is quite sure of a welcome now.

"I love my work!" exclaimed another League member. "The patients are so glad to see us, for we always go, wet or fine. Some of them have no personal friends to visit them, so they call us Army members their friends. One Sunday she was able to pray with a dear woman, who, on the following Sunday, was dead.

Miss Colley (J. S.M.) told of her ten or twelve years' regular visitation of the House of Refuge. She has seen several old people seek Christ, even in their old age. This year, on taking round the Easter Crys, one old man appeared to be already supplied.

"You have the War Cry already, my friend?" she asked.

"Oh, no!" was the quick reply. "This is last year's copy. I always keep

1,000,000 homes. We have promoted, in all manner of ways, the welfare of 3,000 families, in the slums, trying to improve their bodies, souls and circumstances. We have supplied advice and medicine to 1,000 patients in our Hospitals and Dispensaries.

We have been teaching 112,300 children in our Day-Schools.

"We have provided shelter for 191,000 homeless men, women, and children; 261,000 meals in our Social Institutions, and fed nightly 1,000 homeless men on London's streets. For we are continuing that Christlike work of helping the poor, sorrowing, suffering and outcast, notwithstanding the objections of some people in high places.

"We have furnished employment for 6,000 destitute men and women; 1,550 prisoners were visited in their cells; and we strove with fifty would-be suicides.

"We have laboured for the salvation of 170,000 children on The Army's roll, and circulated 1,000,000 copies of our literature.

"We are training 10,000 Corps Cadets; and have in India, twenty-six village Banks, benefiting 4,550 people. (Prolonged applause.)

"Now, you may ask, 'What about the future of The Army?' To which with tremendous emphasis, The General replied: 'The Army will be there. There can be no question about that; and if the Death Angel were to call me to-night, the same message that flashed the tidings around the world, 'The General is dead!' would add the sentence, 'Long live The General!' The God who has made the first General, will make a second, and a third, and a fourth, who will do His work as effectually—perhaps more effectually—than the first General has done it. Therefore, I say, don't worry about that.' (Volleys and cheers.)

the Crys you give me, and have the special numbers all together, so that when the season comes round I can read them again!"

Some others make cuttings of the particular parts which please them, and have preserved them in a book, to read over and over again. "In fact," said Mrs. Colley, "I believe the War Cry brightens their lives as much as our visits do."

Mrs. Colonel Sowton addressed an earnest appeal to the unsaved present to get right then and there.

The Shepherd's Sacrifice.

Among the many stories that are told of the great Garibaldi, of Italy, one is about his search after a missing lamb. Nothing would satisfy the famous General when he heard the lamb was missing, but to get his lantern and go out and fetch the wanderer back. In a little time, in quite rejoicing mood, he returned with the lamb in his arms. The Good Shepherd did far more than search for the wandering souls of men—He gave His life for them.

God's Power to Save.

Our correspondent at Edmonton writes as follows: "We see many things in life to cause us to wonder, but the greatest of all is God's great power to save. We are seeing souls saved right along, and some wonderful cases of conversion have occurred.

Not long ago a man who had followed the hotel business for twenty years was taken hold of by the power of God. He yielded to the Spirit, and repented of his sins, and to-day he is saved and happy. He is known as Secretary Page. Then there is Dad Bennett, a man who revelled in sin for sixty years and was mastered by strong drink and tobacco. He got on his knees and prayed to God to deliver him from such an awful bondage. From that hour he proved the Lord's power to save.

Another wonderful case of conversion is that of Brother McRoberts. At one time, he declared that it was a waste of time to talk to him, as he was a hopeless case. He says he was the worst man in the city, but now God has saved him, and there is a wonderful difference seen in his face. Surely God's power is not limited. He can save to the uttermost all who come to Him." R. E. T.

Utilising the Band.

The Soldiers of Sturgeon Falls Corps had gathered for their usual open-air one Thursday evening opposite one of the chief hotels of the town. The Captain had just begun to line out a song when a band on the hotel balcony struck up a lively tune. This did not drive the Salvationists away, and they went on with their meeting all the time the band was playing. The music drew quite a large crowd, and when the band stopped the Captain thought it an appropriate time to take up the collection. He sent the Lieutenant round, therefore, and he collected quite a nice sum, getting some from the bandmen themselves, whom he complimented on their fine playing. Soon afterwards the band started off down the street, playing "Marching through Georgia," and the Salvationists, recognising the familiar tune, began to sing, "Shout aloud Salvation, boys," and marched off down the street to their hall, where they had a good meeting.—A B.

A Personal Testimony.

A little over five years ago I was sitting in an Army meeting, listening to the testimonies. At that time I was an unhappy, miserable backslider, and the testimony of one of the Soldiers sunk deep into my heart. He said that God loved the backslider, and would not cast a stone at him. After that I had no rest until I yielded my all to Jesus, who delivered me from all sin. Since that time the Enemy has pressed me hard with temptations and difficulties, but I have always conquered by praying to God for help, and He who is mightier than the Enemy has given me victory. I praise God for many blessings, and am going on to conquer in His strength until I shall see Him face to face.—W. G. Duder.

Ignorant people are entering Heaven, while clever people are wondering if there is such a place.

THE WAR CRY.

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Comments on Current Matters.

THE TOUCH OF LIFE.

Perhaps science has made no greater strides than in the prevention of disease and in surgical operations. Recently, at the crucial moment of a delicate operation on the lungs of a man, it seemed certain that the tiny spark of life had flickered out, when the doctor reached through the incision to the heart, and gently squeezed it once or twice.

The man's respiration was restored and the cutting away of the diseased organs was continued until the doctor saw that the man was dying. Again, he softly grasped the almost stifled heart, and, with several well-timed squeezes, started life anew, this time long enough to complete the operation. The man will live, the attending surgeons declare.

This is an extraordinary occurrence, but how typical of that Divine touch that can quicken into newness of life. Many a man has despaired of overcoming the habits that made his life evil, but through the cut into his worldly affections, the Divine finger has enabled him to live a holy life.

TRAINING NECESSARY.

There is no doubt that many a man has entered upon a new life in a new land. Away from an evil environment, he has had facilities for a clean life denied him elsewhere, which have made for his reformation. No doubt, Canada has been the scene of many such turnings over of new leaves, but it is a huge mistake to think that the mere sending of a had man into another country will make him good, and we think that the British magistrate acted wisely when he was asked to discharge a thief in order that he might be sent to Canada. But the Magistrate pointed out that the prisoner had been convicted seven times, and that it was unfair to dump such people on the Colonies. The offender was given three months' imprisonment.

A man like that should have the moral training and spiritual influence brought to hear upon him in one of our Homes for discharged prisoners, and give proof of a desire to lead a new life before going to a new land.

THE BETTING EVIL.

Another example of the evil effects of betting and gambling, was recently manifested in a Canadian police-court, when a young man, recently married, and just starting out upon the responsibilities of life, was convicted of several petty thefts of money to pay his betting debts. He has gone to prison, his young wife is heart-broken, and the young man's future stained and blasted. There is no doubt that the so-called "sport" is



THIS WAY OUT!

really moral death to a great number of people who allow themselves to be enmeshed in the fatal coils of games by which people seek to obtain something for nothing. We would earnestly warn all young men against tampering with the evil pastimes which glitter so delusively and end so disastrously.

Personalities.

The Natal Government has officially appointed Brigadier Lotz, as a person authorised to perform marriages in the Colony of Natal.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Southall's health is far from what her friends desire it should be. She feels the change of climate. Will her old comrades remember her in their prayers?

Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, represented The Salvation Army at the funeral service of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, held in Westminster Abbey on a recent Monday afternoon.

The Chief, who occupied a prominent seat, was very much impressed with the character and solemnity of the service. At some points in it he was profoundly moved.

Brigadier Noble, of the Emigration Department, London, England, dropped into the Editorial Department last Tuesday. He conducted a party of immigrants on the "Ionian." An interesting conversation with this comrade, will appear in our next issue.

We print, this week, a very interesting article from Commissioner Ralston—The Army's veteran pioneer. He makes mention of our "unrivaled Easter War Cry."

Owing to certain arrangements

Commissioner McKie's farewell, which had been announced, has been postponed for twelve months.

Commissioner McKie has, we are pleased to hear, considerably improved in health, notwithstanding an arduous campaign at the time of the New Zealand Congresses. Mrs. McKie has derived a great deal of benefit from the change.

The Commissioner had a capital tour in New Zealand. Both public and private meetings were a great success. In addition to having interviews, and looking into matters connected with the Social Institutions, the Commissioner gave some time to the study of the Inebriates' Law of the Dominion, and the working of our new Inebriates' Home at Pakatoa Island.

Happy Comrades.

Canadian Staff Officers to Go to the Staff Lodge.

At the moment of going to press, we learn the interesting fact that a number of Staff Officers are going to the Old Land, and whilst there, will be privileged to take in the Training Session at the Staff Lodge, during the month of June.

Quite a number of comrades from other parts of the world will participate in this important event. The United States and Canada will be well represented. The names of the favoured Canucks who have been chosen for this occasion, are MacLean of the New Ontario Division; Bloss, of Montreal; Hay, of the Stratford Division; Crichton, of London; and Atwell, of the Territorial Headquarters.

We hope to be able to give further news later.

What information these dear comrades will not be able to give of the Land of the Maple that will not be

worth telling, and that those who desire to start for the "New Jerusalem," could not meet with better informants, is well known to Canadian comrades all over the battle-field.

We wish these dear comrades a very happy and profitable time, and big blessings on the dear ones they leave behind, and upon their respective commands.

The Commissioner

At Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, Toronto.

Fulfilling a promise which the Commissioner gave some months ago to the Rev. Mr. Bowles, the Pastor of the West Moreland Avenue Methodist Church, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire, the "Bethlehem to Calvary" service was given twice in the Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, kindly loaned by the Rev. Mr. Hincks.

The service at 4.30 was for children, and there was a very nice gathering of boys and girls, who were charged with the pictures shown on the canvas representing Christ's birth, some of His miracles, Peter's denial of Him, His agony in Gethsemane, His death and His glorious resurrection.

There was a magnificent audience gathered in the spacious Church for the evening service, when the new coloured films were shown. The service was a powerful one, numbers being in tears. Both the Rev. Mr. Hincks and Mr. Bowles publicly thanked the Commissioner for the excellent service.

Things are looking up at Brockville, and God is blessing us.

Last Sunday we had some real spiritual victories. Two souls were saved, and found salvation, and one came back and taken his stand for the cause of the Lord.

Chief Secretary

The last two weeks I have been travelling quite a lot, mostly in connection with property matters. I have visited Halifax, St. John's, and Quebec, as well as week-end's meetings at various places.

At Halifax I. I came unexpectedly, and without much notice as far as the Sunday was concerned, but in a very wet and stormy weather. The good meetings, especially when the Hall was nicely thronged, came to the Commission.

Our new Rescue Hospital at Halifax is a beautiful Institution. It was very pleased to have the opportunity of inspecting. Adjutant and her devoted comrades are doing a good work and many difficulties, are full of hope for still more blessed work in the future.

The next three nights on the train, while the filled with important business connected with the War. At found Brigadier Turner and fellow hard at work with Field, Self-Denial, and a host of problems, several of which were able to deal with together.

It was a pleasure to go to a newly renovated and improved hospital here, which, with its modern appliances, and clean surroundings, looked an ideal Institution. Undoubtedly, be an ever boon to those whom it is intended to help.

I visited Quebec for the first time on this trip. Here, the carpenters are already hard at work remodelling our building. Such walls are built now of stone of which this property is constructed, for they are in no way over two feet thick, and are stone. We expect to have a large, containing Hall, Metropolitan Immigration Offices, ready for use in about two months' time.

One day in Toronto, and to Montreal for Young People's other meetings, which they will report elsewhere.

On Monday, Commissioner Mrs. Coombs joined us, at a busy day was spent in this. Many plans are on foot for the development of our Work in the future. It will be made known in due time.

Our new School Building at John's, Newfoundland, will be completed and ready for use some time in August. Adjutant has just returned there to work, and it is intended that the Commissioner shall dedicate this, and conduct the Annual Officers' Address at the same time.

Our Salvage Work is progressing rapidly. The Ottawa branch ready opened, with Ensign in charge, and suitable premises just been secured at Hamilton, which will be opened and arrangements are also being made to commence this work at St. John's.

Chief Secretary's Notes The Young People of Montreal

The last two weeks I have been travelling quite a lot, mostly in connection with property matters, and have visited Halifax, St. John, N.B., and Quebec, as well as conducted a week-end's meetings at Montreal.

At Halifax I came rather unexpectedly, and without much announcement as far as the Sunday's meetings were concerned, but in spite of the very wet and stormy weather, we had good meetings, especially at night, when the Hall was nicely filled, and three souls came to the Cross.

Our new Rescue Hospital in Halifax is a beautiful institution, which I was very pleased to have the opportunity of inspecting. Adjutant Ogilvie and her devoted comrade Officers, are doing a good work and in spite of many difficulties, are full of faith and hope for still more blessed results in the future.

The next three nights were spent on the train, while the days were filled with important business connected with the War. At St. John, I found Brigadier Turner and his Chancellor hard at work with property, Field, Self-Denial, and a host of other problems, several of which we were able to deal with together.

It was a pleasure to go through our newly renovated and improved Hospital here, which, with its new dormitories, furniture, and clean paint, looked an ideal institution, and will, undoubtedly, be an ever-increasing boon to those whom it is especially intended to help.

I visited Quebec for the first time on this trip. Here, the masons and carpenters are already hard at work remodelling our building. Surely no such walls are built now-a-days, as those of which this property is constructed, for they are in most places over two feet thick, and of solid stone. We expect to have this building, containing Hall, Metropole, and Immigration Offices, ready for opening in about two months' time.

One day in Toronto, and off again to Montreal for Young People's and other meetings, which the War Cry will report elsewhere.

On Monday, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs joined us, and a very busy day was spent in this great city. Many plans are on foot for the further development of our W.C. here, which will be made known in due course.

Our new School Building at St. John's, Newfoundland, will probably be completed and ready for opening some time in August. Adjutant Locke has just returned there to finish this work, and it is intended that the Commissioner shall dedicate this property and conduct the Annual Officers' Congress at the same time.

Our Salvage Work is developing rapidly. The Ottawa branch is already opened, with Ensign Edwards in charge, and suitable premises have just been secured at Hamilton, Ont., which will be opened shortly. Arrangements are also being made to commence this work at St. John, N.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Sowton Spend an Enjoyable Day with Them.

THE Young People's Day in Montreal was a distinct success. Although a new departure in Canadian Salvation Army history, the news of marked blessing which has characterised such gatherings in other parts of the world had certainly awakened considerable interest and anticipation for the introduction of this new feature here. And the announcement that Colonel and Mrs. Sowton, assisted by the Provincial Officers and Staff, would consecrate the major part of a Sunday for their special benefit was welcomed amongst the Young People with delight.

In introducing the new departure the Colonel congratulated the Young People on the opportunities and privileges of "a day all to ourselves." He told of the wondrous blessing which Toronto's Young People enjoyed so early in the year, when the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs met them in similar fashion, and of the revolution it had brought to many in their spiritual experience. The Chief of the Staff had urged the importance of such days, in a personal talk the Colonel had had with him. "The Chief," said the Colonel, "assured me he deemed it worth his time and toil if he could meet one hundred Young People for such an object. He began with one hundred, but is now able to unite for a day's councils no fewer than one thousand at a time in various centres, and untold good has resulted."

Brigadier Hargrave had extended an invitation by ticket to all the Young People of the five city Corps. Not only Soldiers, but those who frequented The Army—camp followers—were included. The lesser Hall in the building occupied by No. 1 Corps on University Street, was to be the centre in which they met, liberal arrangements being made by catering for their supper, between the first and second session. Promptly at two o'clock the grand old song, "Cleansing of me," was lined out. About eighty Young People took part in the services, and it was very evident by their lusty singing throughout the day that they were in close touch with The Army. A nice percentage appeared in uniform, or wore some badge. At first the unusual character of their surroundings seemed to occasion some amount of shyness. They hardly knew what kind of meetings they were in for, and the wonder expressed itself in reserve. But both the Colonel and his chief assistant, Brigadier Hargrave, endeavoured from the first to dispel all shyness, the Colonel explaining that there would be short talks, interspersed with lots of singing. His Bible reading was brief, but full of point and interesting application, such as Young People could but enjoy. Rivetted attention was given to the Colonel throughout his series of addresses. These dealt with various aspects of the foundation truths upon which Salvation Army fabric must be built up. How to be saved? How to know one is saved? How to keep saved? There did not appear to be a dull five minutes in the whole series. Each

session, simple, convincing, and yet powerful, and made to live in the memory and mind by force of striking illustrations from the long note book of the Colonel's Army warfare in many lands. No one had either time or inclination to get sleepy, for the Colonel frequently paused in his thought for the verse of a song, which Brigadier Hargrave was always ready with. In fact, it was evident that earnestness deepened as the meetings continued. The strangeness of their surroundings and the unusual character of the meetings were out-measured by increasing desire for blessing and profit.

Mrs. Sowton's talks were tender, motherly and powerful. "You fit yourself for future service in a larger capacity," she said, "by present faithfulness," and following out the thought she pictured the shepherd boy, the farm labourer, the busy fisherman, who of old had proved faithful in the daily task, and were chosen later on, for higher and enlarged service.

The afternoon Session closed with earnest petition voiced by Young People themselves.

At six o'clock, after the interval for supper, which had been served upon the premises, the second part of the Councils began. Increased heartiness in song, greater freedom, and a deepened expectation of blessing marked the opening. A few Band boys ventured to produce their instruments—they had felt a little "out of work" in the earlier meeting. The Colonel called on both Mrs. Hargrave and the Brigadier to speak. Doubtless, the sight of the vigorous, robust life of Youth before them recalled the beginning of their own careers as Salvationists. The importance of taking a life ideal was Mrs. Hargrave's theme, which prefaced well the Colonel's introductory address on "How to Get Others Saved." A topic above all others indispensable to a Salvationist.

It is certainly impossible to exaggerate the value of such practical counsels from the lips of veterans in Army Warfare, addressed to those beginning. The Young People drank it in with appreciation, notwithstanding the fact that they began to be more conscious, evidently, of personal shortcomings and hindrances. This was day of education to them! A day of light-receiving, and the possibilities of an enlarged vision. To some it came as a surprise—to others eager and longing, as that for which they had been groping many months. To all it came with the power of the Holy Spirit's unction, and in a personal sense, peculiar to the circumstances of the meeting—for Young People only!

Mrs. Sowton preceded the Colonel, who, for his last talk, took an illustrative text from the story of Lazarus in grave clothes. "Loose him, and let him go!" This Session led up to the prayer meeting—solemn and far-reaching decisions had to be faced. They were not undertaken quickly. For a time, reluctance, hesitancy, and reserve seemed to hold many back, even after a confession of need and conviction had been made.

said the writer to one of the kneeling penitents—"Corps-Cadetship—God, has been wanting to bring me up to it for a good while, but I hung back—it means so much at home, where all are opposed, and ask me to do what I know God forbids."—But the matter was settled, and God's grace is sufficient. Here a Junior Worker led one of her Company to the mercy seat seeking salvation. It was decision Sunday for her. There, a fellow-Bandsman led his chum up to the altar for a closer walk, and a severance from the things that bound.

Mrs. Sowton was deeply engaged in striving to help a dear Swedish girl who had backslidden. Mrs. Hargrave was also in the thick of personal work—and so on. When the Colonel pronounced the benediction, some were still kneeling at the mercy seat, while others had gone back with beaming smiles on their tear-stained faces, like rainbows of promise for better fighting days, and future blessedness, as a result of the Colonel's Young People's Day at Montreal.

STAFF BAND AT BARRIE.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire Accompanies Them, and They Have a Grand Week-end.

On arriving at Barrie the Band was accorded a hearty welcome by the Officers, Soldiers and townspeople, hundreds of the latter having assembled themselves at the station. The Band immediately proceeded to the main square, on the groundward facing the municipal building, and played some of their stirring selections, to the delight of the crowds surrounding.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, who accompanied the Band, was afterwards introduced, and following the short open-air service, a welcome supper was held in the splendid little Citadel. The musical festival, presided over by Donald Ross, Esq., was held in the Opera House, as were two of the Sunday's meetings. Dr. Failing took the chair on Sunday afternoon, the place being packed out, and in the evening meeting, at which Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire delivered a very forceful address, the large Opera House was taxed to its limit. The day's meetings were productive of seven souls, and everybody reported a blessing.

Splendid arrangements in connection with the visit of the Band to this charming place on the shores of Lake Simcoe, had been made by the worthy Officers, Ensign and Mrs. Hancock. A number of the old "stand-bys" were still to be seen at their guns, battling for the Heavenly King.

Major Creighton and Staff-Captain McGillivray also spent the week-end at Barrie. Their services were much appreciated.—J. E. Dodd.

A new Corps is being opened in Montreal, in a good district not hitherto touched by our English-speaking work. Our French Corps has just moved into an entirely new French neighbourhood, and we are informed that the crowds, both outside and in, are excellent, and the prospects very bright. Nearly six hundred people surrounded our French Corps at a recent Sunday evening open-air meeting, and listened with the greatest attention.

The Week-End's Despatches.

The Old Chariot Rolls on and Souls are Getting Converted.

WHAT RED-HOT RELIGION ACCOMPLISHES.

ELEVEN SOULS AT WINGHAM.

We were favoured this week-end at Wingham, with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Staff-Captain Hay, Ensign Riley, and Captain Buntun.

We were very much stirred by the Colonel's address in the holiness meeting, which resulted in eight persons seeking the blessing of holiness. In the afternoon meeting, a good audience greeted the Colonel, at the close of which one soul sought salvation. At the night meeting the Colonel spoke very powerfully on the value of a soul. Two souls sought salvation.

The singing and guitar-playing of Captain Riley was enjoyed by all present.

On Monday night, the Colonel gave his lecture on the Missionary Work in Newfoundland. The chair was taken by Dr. McDonald, ex-M. P., and there was a large crowd present.—Scottie, for Captain Andrew.

A MUSICAL YOUNG MAN.

Bowmanville has again been favoured by a visit from Ensign Ritchie. His music and singing were much appreciated, both in the open-air and indoor meetings.

On Saturday night the Ensign gave us a musical treat on the guitar, mandolin, mouth organ, and tin-can. Sister Wills gave an appropriate reading, "The Last Quarrel."

On Sunday from early knee-drill till the close of the night's meeting, God presence was felt amongst us. The Ensign's talk at night, was very effective, with the result that five souls, three Juniors and two young girls were found kneeling at the mercy seat, crying to God for forgiveness. May God abundantly bless them. We all say, "come again, Ensign."—E. M. M.

We had fifty to knee-drill on Easter Sunday at New Aberdeen. In the holiness meeting two sought the blessing of a clean heart. We had a lively time in the Free and Easy, and crowds stood round the open-air meetings. The hall was crowded at night, and the Captain took for his lesson, the story of the "Prodigal Son." Three souls came to God.—Uncle Joe, for Captain and Mrs. Hargrove.

Ensign Rideout is the Officer in charge at Hant's Harbour, and we believe she is the right person in the right place. A number of souls have been saved during the Winter, and some of them have taken their stand as Soldiers in the great S. A.—S. F. M. C.

We are having some rousing times at Seal Cove, F. B. We have had some fine meetings here of late. Our Soldiers are all on fire for God and souls.

On Sunday last Lieutenant Marsh enrolled seven more converts. God is also working amongst the children, and two have been converted lately.

DRUNK AT DRUMHEAD.

Slick Jim and the Converted Clown Help to Point Him to Christ.

Whilst visiting the Parliament St. Corps last Saturday night, in company with Envoy Baker, the converted clown, we had the pleasure of seeing one soul at the drumhead.

While Brother Baker was giving his testimony, the Captain asked me to sing. After consenting, my attention was attracted to a man on the other side of the ring. Upon approaching him, I found he was under the influence of strong drink, but yet was deeply convicted of sin. While I was singing, "Come back, my boy, come back, I say," this poor man burst into tears, and, giving Brother Baker a bottle of whiskey, which was immediately smashed, he knelt down on my comrade's coat in the middle of the street and got gloriously saved. Upon rising to his feet he was able to give his testimony to the saving and keeping power of Him who died for us all.—Tom Banks, otherwise "Slick Jim," the Bowery tough.

The visit of Brigadier Turner and Major Morehen to Charlottetown gave us a series of unique meetings of great interest, profit and blessing.

The Sunday knee-drill marked high water for this service; quite a number of church friends and citizens joining with us. Brigadier Turner conducted all the Sunday meetings, giving his lecture on "Mental Gymnastics," in the afternoon.

Monday night Major Morehen delivered the third lecture of his interesting life-story.—H.

God is still blessing us at Lethbridge, and sinners are getting converted. The number in the open-air meetings has gone up by leaps and bounds.

On Sunday night we had about forty Soldiers on the march.

Bandsman and Mrs. Hood's child was recently dedicated to God by Captain Adams. Officers and Soldiers are working hard to smash the Self-Denial Target.—H. Dawson, for Captains Adams and Roe.

Brigadier and Mrs. Burditt visited Saskatoon recently, and a very interesting meeting was held. Mrs. Burditt spoke about her conversion, and many hearts were touched. At the close seven held up their hands for prayer.

We have welcomed Ensign Pearce back again. Her father has passed away, and we sympathize with her in her bereavement.—H. M.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Captain E. Matier, on May 2 and 3. The lantern service on Saturday night was one of the best ever given in Huntsville. Some new box-holders were secured for the G.B.M.

Sunday was a day of power; God was with us.

We are marching on to victory under the leadership of Adjutant and Mrs. Hyde.—M. J. Langridge.

MAN OF MANY SONGS.

The Chief Secretary had, unfortunately, to cancel his visit to Lindsay for the present, owing to an urgent call East. Our D. O., Staff-Captain McLean, however, turned up smiling, and with him came Adjutant Harkirk, the Man of Many Songs. With such a combination we looked forward to a good time. We were not disappointed.

The people of this town like to hear singing, and they crowded round the open-air ring, and followed us inside, in such numbers that in the evening every available seat was taken. The finances for the week-end were excellent, and we believe a permanent work for good was accomplished. The Adjutant finally sang himself out, about ten o'clock.

Our hopes for S.D. are high, and we are going to keep the old chariot rolling.—Anon.

MARCHED FOUR MILES.

We are having good times at Doting Cove, and it is no unusual thing to see twenty-five stand to their feet at once to testify.

Our Self-Denial Target is smashed.

On April 12th, four Juniors and some Seniors were enrolled as Soldiers. On Easter Sunday seventeen Soldiers came to the Barracks at six a.m., and we had a march of four miles. Then we held a testimony meeting, and obtained much blessing to our souls. "Happy Phil" took quite a prominent part in the afternoon meeting.

The Easter War Cry sold out rapidly.—Ernest Abbott.

CARL BRACE DEDICATED.

A very interesting service took place at Exploits a few weeks ago, when Carl Brongle Brace was given to God. The service was conducted by Captain George Earle, of Black Island. He spoke very forcibly from the text, "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and cannot go back."

After the dedication, Adjutant and Mrs. Brace were called upon to speak, and both expressed their desire that their child should be brought up for God and The Army.—E. M. Harris.

Since last report from Belle Isle, we have had with us for a week-end, Adjutant Barr, and we had the joy of seeing four souls brought to Jesus' feet. We also had a lecture by the Adjutant on Monday night, entitled, "Drunks and Desperadoes in the Wild and Woolly West," which was immensely enjoyed by the hearers. The income amounted to \$15.00, which went toward our new building fund.—Sal.

Captain Pearce has farewelled from Winnipeg. On Sunday, May 3rd, she gave her farewell address. She spoke well, and one soul knelt at the mercy seat. The convert was a man who had been attending the meetings for some time but had resisted the Spirit of God. He simply flung himself down, at the mercy seat, and cried aloud to God for salvation.—S. W. P.

A little cottage meeting was conducted by the Soldiers of Norris Arm on Easter Sunday night. God was with us, and at the close, we rejoiced over five souls at the mercy seat. They gave a good testimony afterward.—Candidate W. Rowe.

PRODIGIOUS ENTHUSIASM.

Brantford Soldiers Rejoice Over S.D. Victory.

Major Rawling conducted the week-end meetings at Brantford, and a very profitable and interesting time was spent. While the Juniors and Soldiers were being visited, three large open-air meetings were in progress. At 3 p.m., the Self-Denial money was gathered in, and a large audience gathered in Victoria Hall at night to hear the results of the effort.

The Juniors contributed and collected \$85.00. The Band, \$75.14; Soldiers \$208.43; Adjutant Gilliam \$180.00, total \$550.00.

Prodigious enthusiasm was manifested when the result was made known.

Major Rawling then delivered an eloquent appeal to sinners to come to Jesus and get saved, followed by Adjutant Gilliam. The meeting closed with three souls at the mercy seat, amidst great rejoicing.

ADORNING THE GOSPEL.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin conducted the meetings at the Temple on May 10th.

In the holiness meeting he spoke on Adorning the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The afternoon was given over to the Band and Songsters, and we had a fine time of music and singing. The Colonel delivered a stirring address at night, and three souls knelt at the mercy seat.

We have welcomed Captain Thompson back again to Burk's Falls after a month's absence on account of being called home to the deathbed of her dear brother.

On May the 5th and 6th, we had Captain Matier with us. He made a real blessing to the people while here.

On Tuesday night the lantern service entitled, "One of His Jews," was given and was very much enjoyed by the large crowd present. Mildred Armstrong, Lieutenant.

Another day of victory at Port la Prairie, and still we are pressing on. We had an enrollment of two yesterday. God can save the Scotch as well as English. We are right into Self-Denial. Some say, "With you for the target?" Why, of course, we will for we'll work till we do.—Betty.

The Sunday services at St. John were times of blessing. Captain Hargrove conducted the night meeting, and spoke on the Prodigal Son. It was a very interesting address, and at the close three backsliders turned to God.—Corps Co.

Famish Cove has just received a visit from the D. O., Adjutant Barr, who was with us all day. The Adjutant's sermon was a heart-searching talk was much appreciated by all, and everybody moved and encouraged to go on.—Fisher of Men.

At the holiness meeting at Aberdeen last Sunday, three comrades surrendered their all. The Band went to the theatre in the afternoon, to cheer the Captain Hargrove's speech. At night, and two souls were saved.—Uncle Joe.

A Newfoundland Warrior.

An Account of the Struggles of Brother Fudge.

In a little isolated spot called Southern Harbour, in Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, three miles from an human habitation save that of his son-in-law, lives a brave Salvationist named Jesse Fudge.

Our comrade is a Soldier of Seal Cove Corps, which lies some four miles away from his residence, on the opposite side of the little peninsula which separates Fortune and Hermitage Bays.

Previous to his conversion, Jesse belonged to the Church of England and lived in the little village of Garrolle. His parents died when he was quite young, and left him to fight life's battles himself. In relating the story of his life to the writer some time ago, he said, "Although I was ignorant of the ways of salvation until I was about thirty-four years of age, yet I always believed there was a better way to live than the way in which I was living, and I strongly desired to live better. My wife lived a moral life, and was bitterly opposed to swearing and other open sins, but was just as ignorant of salvation as myself, and so we lived morally for some years, keeping from sin as far as our strength would allow us. The craving for a better experience never left me, however, and as day after day I went to my work (fishing mostly) I could keep from sin while all went well, but as soon as my lines got tangled, or my hooks afloat of the bottom, I could not help getting in a twitter and having a swear.

One day, I went in the woods to cut some wood, and, after thinking about my sins for awhile, I really repented, and asked God to forgive me, but I knew so little about faith and prayer, that I was soon back in my old state again.

He Gets Salvation From Sin.

Shortly after this, The Army came to Seal Cove, and such stories of these strange people came to my ears that at first I thought strangely enough of them. Soon I learned that they taught salvation from sin. My spirits arose; I was determined to go and hear them, so, on a certain Sunday my wife and I took a walk across the marshes to Seal Cove, where we first found The Army.

The precious truths that fell from the Officer's lips convinced me that God was offering me the very thing that I had been longing for, and when the invitation was given, we both went to the mercy seat and found salvation. That was nineteen years ago, and now Brother Fudge blesses the day when first he saw The Army. Our comrades met with much persecution from the people of Garrolle at first, and partly from this cause, and partly because it was a more convenient place for fishing they resolved to settle in Southern Harbour.

Trusting God At All Times.

Then came the days of adversity. Providence seemed to frown upon our comrade, and in a storm, he lost all his fishing boats. Up to that time he had not known how to build one, but he believes that when he began God showed him the way, and soon his first boat was completed.

Once, when times were hard, he and his family lived for some time on potatoes rather than go in debt for food, but, like Job, of old, he was able to say in it all, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Later years have proved

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THREE GREAT LEADERS

The General
PREACHES AT BEDFORD.

The General recently spent a week-end at Bedford, where he made the very most of his opportunities, not only in the delivery of four impressive addresses to large congregations, but also in his personal dealings with individuals. The Royal County Theatre was the building selected for the occasion. Alderman Haynes, the Deputy-Mayor, presided over the afternoon meeting, and said he felt it a privilege and an honour to come there and support one of the world's greatest men. He had never been on the stage of a theatre in his life before, but remembered that Shakespeare had said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men are players," and the Alderman was glad to be there to support the man who had played so important a part in so many places all over the world. At the close of The General's lecture, which was delivered in his best style, and followed closely from start to finish, by the great audience, Mr. Lee-Roberts, barrister, thanked God he had had an opportunity of hearing The General. Mr. Attenborough, Conservative candidate, seconded the vote of thanks to our Leader, and related that in 1904 he had heard him speak at Harrogate, and that speech so deeply impressed him that when he saw an extract from it in the "War Cry," he cut it out and had ever since carried it with him. The prayer meetings were full of interest.

A cab-driver who got saved, begged to shake The General's hand, and then declared that if he were allowed to drive him for ten minutes, he could die happy.

A man in the gallery rose to his feet, and began to praise God that twelve years' prayers were being answered. His wife was kneeling on the stage seeking mercy.

The Chief of the Staff
AT HANLEY.

On Easter Monday, the Chief of the Staff and Mrs. Booth visited Hanley, to the intense delight of the Soldiers in the Potteries. Admission to the meetings was nominally restricted to Soldiers and Recruits, but, true to The Army instinct, ex-Soldiers were included in the invitation. The Chief knows his Soldier! Understands him when he prospers spiritually, and has a deep and practical sympathy with

more prosperous to him, and now, according to the promise, he knows want no longer, but lives quite comfortable.

Although our comrade cannot attend the meetings regularly, being well advanced in years, and so far separated from Christian friends, yet he is still a Salvationist, and loves God and The Army with all his heart. The majority of his Sundays are spent in reading and meditating upon the Word of God, with which he is well acquainted, and whoever ventures an attack upon him, about or against The Army, are very soon confronted, and felled to the ground with the two-edged sword, known as the Word of God.—W. T. M.

him when he does not, and he has boundless confidence in a well-saved Soldier. His capacity and his strong faith and hopeful outlook are infectious. God became a reality to men and women as he talked to them in Hanley. Mrs. Booth was at the Chief's side all day.

Her talk upon personal and individual responsibility was well suited to the class and circumstances of our people.

In the night meeting Captain Catherine Booth offered prayer, the Chief and Mrs. Booth each talked out of their hearts to the hearts of their hearers, and all three went fishing in the prayer meeting.

An old man knelt at the mercy seat, where, with a son on either side of him, God saved his soul. Later on, he led his wife to the Cross, and then his brother and his sister-in-law. Altogether there were 107 surrenders.

The closing of the meeting was a difficult task. Fresh comers were constantly arriving, and the Chief wanted to see everybody right before he went. Mrs. Booth was on her knees beside a poor fellow in clogs, pleading for his soul, and other features of the scene were soul-stirring in the extreme. The end had to come, however, and a more than usually successful day had a glorious wind-up.

Mrs. Booth at Boscombe.

A large company of residents and visitors listened with deep interest to Mrs. Booth, at Boscombe, recently.

The Rev. Paterson was in the chair and he paid a splendid tribute to The Army.

Reporting the progress of the Work for the last three years, Mrs. Booth told of the large Women's Hotels opened at Leeds, of the Liverpool Nursery Home, and the small Home at Hull. It was her desire to let people know of the work going on, and still more, of the need for such work. Those who would be worthy citizens, must not shrink from the pain of knowing the worst about the conditions around them. This was an age of specialising, and God had made The Army's Women Social Officers specialists in this work of Rescue—the thirty-three thousand women who had passed through their hands since their beginning had given them a knowledge and experience shared by few. The need of financial assistance and a call for workers was pressed home to the audience.

WEPT FOR JOY.

We had a grand week-end at Paris. On Sunday night four men made their way to the mercy seat and got gloriously saved. Some of them had been backsliders for years. It was a very touching sight to see the relatives of the seekers weep tears of joy as the objects of their prayers made their way to the front.—M.W.

Easter Sunday was a day of blessing at Twillingate. At six o'clock a large number of Juniors were on the march, and a fairly good crowd were at knee-drill. We had good times all day. We are pushing very hard this week, it being Self-Denial week, and we are in for victory.

Don't Turn Him Away.

Mrs. Adjutant Ritchie's Song Saves a Life.

The following extract is from the American War Cry:—

"Don't Turn Him Away," as played on the cornet by Captain John Hughes and sung by the chorists of The Salvation Army at the Hall, 421 Federal Street, on Thursday night, saved the life of Lester McKenna, aged twenty-four years, of Philadelphia, a painter out of work, and later turned a home of sorrow into one of gladness."

This song was composed by Mrs. Adjutant Ritchie, at a time when her heart was much burdened over the hardness of the sinners who attended her meetings. It has been the means in God's hands of bringing many souls into the Kingdom, and has been sung all over Canada and the States.

This is the song:—

There's a voice that comes to your heart to-night,
You've heard it oft before;
You heard it first when you felt your sins,
Away in the days of yore.
Though weary and burdened and all undone,
Your night was turned to day;
Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart.
Don't turn him away.

Chorus.

Don't turn Him away, don't turn Him away,
He has come back to your heart again,
Though you've gone astray.
Oh, how you'll need Him to plead your cause,
On that eternal day.
Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

You lost your hold on God and right,
In an hour when all seemed dark;
You little thought to what depths you'd go,
Or how sin your life would mark.
The Saviour pleads as He did before,
Oh, come to Him while you may;
Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

The time will come, it will surely come,
When His voice you'll hear no more.
"Behold, I stand and patiently wait,
And knock at your heart's closed door."
The joy of the Lord He'll restore once more,
If you'll come to Him and pray,
Don't turn the Saviour away from your heart,
Don't turn Him away.

We had a good time at Peterboro on Thursday night, May 7th, when several men recruits were enrolled. The Band and Songsters rendered good service during the week-end. The meetings were well attended. Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey led on, Brother Osborne assisting in the afternoon. Bandsman and Sister Hensley received a hearty welcome on their return from the Old Country.—C. Harrison.

At Fort William God was with us all day Sunday, and His power was made manifest in the salvation of five precious souls.
The testimonies given by the converts were very beautiful.

Stories of Canine Sagacity.

How Lives Have Been Saved by Dogs.



How a Dog Saved His Little Mistress From the Fire.

Of all animals in the world, the dog is most renowned in anecdote. The fidelity and sagacity of these four-footed friends of man has passed into a proverb. No dumb animal has earned, by its valour and integrity, such devotion as the dog. Stories of dogs have, therefore, always been popular, especially those exhibiting qualities which more nearly approximate those of man. The following story is remarkable:

There was an Irish-terrier named Terence, who became very much attached to two little girls, the younger of whom was about eighteen months old. They slept in different, though adjoining rooms at the top of the house. The elder child slept with the nurse. On the same landing was a sort of a lumber room, containing a cistern.

It was Terence's custom to sleep outside in the passage. The family had long disapproved this practice, but the dog was persistent. About three o'clock one November morning, fire broke out in the chamber immediately beneath that occupied by the younger of the little girls. Soon there was a crackling and roaring, which not only attracted Terence's attention and set him barking, but very quickly aroused the other inmates of the house. The nurse was seized with panic. She grabbed up the elder girl from her bed, and, evidently forgetting all about her other charge, ran to the window which communicated with the roof, whence approach to the next house, and safety, was attained. The mother, and invalid, was told that the nurse had both children safe. In the meantime, the flames had actually burst through the flooring, and had seized on the drapery of the bed where the apparently doomed child lay sleeping. Terence, having barked vigorously to no purpose in the dark, now the room was lit up, attempted to seize the child and drag her from the bed. He could not manage to lift the weight. Thereupon, he rushed to the cistern, jumped in, and then hurried back to the child's room. Springing on the bed, he shook over the child, the water which had soaked into his coat during his immersion in the cistern. This he repeated several times, at length, succeeding in putting out the flames, which at one time had a good hold on the bed-clothing. When the firemen forced their way into the room, they found the child practically uninjured, with the dog mounting guard with his wet body over her.

The Faithful Spaniel.

A spaniel had long shown an extraordinary affection for his master. The latter became a drunkard. He separated from his wife and the home was broken up. The dog, Wallack, alone remained faithful. When his master was under the influence of liquor, Wallack never left his side. His tender solicitude became a byword in the district. One day, as Wallack's master was returning from

a debauch, he fell, by some accident or other, into a shallow pond by the roadside, which, shallow as it was, was yet sufficient to submerge a recumbent figure. The drunken man's floundering only made matters worse. In vain Wallack tugged at his master's collar in an attempt to lift his face above the surface of the water. Seeing that this was futile, he resorted to the expedient of thrusting his own head under that of his master, his object being, probably, to make a pillow of his body. Failing in this, he withdrew his head, only to see his master again perilously submerged. Again he thrust his nose under the water, and again removed it, until, at last, apparently realising that the only way he could save his master's life was by remaining under water himself, Wallack deliberately remained under water for several minutes. At the end of that time help arrived, and Wallace's owner, who was still in a state of unconsciousness from the effects of the drink, was pulled from the margin of the pond, and after him Wallack himself. All attempts at resuscitation of the dog failed, and he thus died, a victim of his faithfulness, and, it may be added, his extraordinary sagacity. The whole episode was witnessed at a distance by a gentleman paralyzed in his limbs, who was then seated before his bedroom window. There were no servants within call, but the moment one appeared, she was sent to effect a rescue.

Came To Get His Leg Set.

A well-known veterinary surgeon tells the following story:—One day my assistant and myself were both in the infirmary yard, when a strange dog came limping in on three legs; the fourth was hanging. He was of the fox-terrier type, but by no means a beauty. He was quite alone, and unattended. I caught the dog, and found that he had a bad comminuted fracture of the left fore leg. I suggested that we should set it, but my assistant said it was some trick on someone's part to get his canine surgery done on the cheap, and drove the dog away. We had neither of us

ever seen the dog before, and my assistant that he had never been treated in the infirmary. Next day, when I opened my surgery door, the dog was sitting on the step, holding his paw up most pitifully, and my foreman smith said that when he opened the yard gates before six a.m., he was waiting quite by himself, and as soon as he opened the gate he ran in and took up his position on the surgery steps and waited. This time my assistant was not in the yard, and I did what I would probably have done the previous day, had he not been present. I dressed his wounds and set the leg, put it in splints, and bandaged it up, the dog sitting on a chair with no one holding him and without making a sound. As soon as I had finished—and it took some time—I gave him a drink of milk and some meat, and he went away on his own accord. I have never seen him since, nor did I ever hear to whom he belonged; but from his look and condition, I would say he belonged to poor people. It seems incredible that a dog should have known where to come when he had certainly never been on the premises before, as he was a young dog. Could he have read the name-plate?

A Four-Footed Watchman.

The wages of a watchman employed to guard the premises during the week-end form quite a heavy item in the expenses of most firms. The enterprising proprietor of a city business has got over this difficulty by employing a four-footed watchman, in the shape of a large dog. One of the old-fashioned telephones which does not require that the receiver should be taken off the holder, has been fitted up in the shop, and Tim, as the dog is called, has been trained to bark a reply whenever his master calls him up. Every week, from Saturday to Monday, Tim keeps watch and ward, and whenever called by name answers "All's Well," with three short, sharp barks.

Tipping the Waiter.

There was a Newfoundland Dog on board H.M.S. "Bellona," which kept on deck during the Battle of Copenhagen, running backward and forward with such courage and anger that he became a greater favourite with the men than ever. When the ship was paid off, after the Peace of Amiens, the sailors had a parting dinner on shore. Victor was placed in the chair and fed with roast beef and plum-pudding, and the bill was made out in Victor's name. To further carry out the joke, three sovereigns were placed in front of Victor, and the waiter ordered to give change. He did so, the dog wagging his tail benevolently while. A small pile of copper and silver being deposited by the waiter, he was about to depart, when Victor was told to take up the money in his mouth and carry it to the captain. He did so, but could not be induced to touch the copper and a silver sixpence, which, amid roars of laughter, he insisted on leaving as the waiter's "tip," as he had been accustomed to see the captain do on many previous occasions.

In conclusion, it will be seen that the most astonishing intelligence is attributed to the dog. How far all anecdotes of canine sagacity are credible must be left for others to determine. We know how prone many dog masters are to partiality and exaggeration in speaking of their

four-footed friends, and perhaps a little short of an official report of the Society for the Investigation of the Anecdotes would serve to overcome the scruples of the incredulous.

Promoted to Glory.

MRS. HALL, OF WOODSTOCK.

Our dear sister, Mrs. Hall, has been called to her reward. Sudden, indeed, was the summons. On Easter Sunday, very early in the day, the blessed Lord came for her, but she was all ready.

When someone stopped to ask her if she felt resigned to go, she smiled sweetly, and said, "Oh, yes, I am quite ready, and I'm not afraid."

We gave her a real Army funeral. The service at the Barracks was conducted by Captain and Mrs. Ryle, assisted by Captain and Mrs. Merritt of Hamilton. The Band turned out in a body, and slowly the cortege wound its way to the cemetery, where the Band played "Promoted to Glory."

On Sunday night we held the memorial service. The meeting was one of influence, but none yielded to God.

We earnestly pray for the bereaved husband, who is left to mourn the loss. We pray that God will sustain him.—Mrs. Paul.

COLOUR-SERGEANT HUDSON, OF SMITH'S FALLS.

A loyal Soldier has been taken from us by the death of F. McCarthy Hudson. He was taken ill only a week before he died. When visited by Adjutant Bradbury, he said he was perfectly resigned to God's will. He then committed his darling wife and boy to God.

He fell asleep Sunday, 26th April, and the funeral service was conducted by Adjutant Bradbury, at our comrade's home; a most impressive service was held.

Our comrade was a Canadian Forester, and his friends turned out a large force with their regalia, and preceded the hearse in solemn procession, headed by the local S.A. Corps, with the colours and our comrade loved to carry uttering in the breeze. Thus we marched to the cemetery, where the Adjutant spoke about the life of our comrade, warning the people present to prepare for eternity. Sisters Hainon and Davey sang with telling effect, the beautiful song, "Above the Waves an Earthly Strife." Captain Thompson of Perth, who was stationed at Smith's Falls when our comrade was saved, told of our comrade's conversion, and of his loyalty as a Soldier, closing with an entreaty to the Soldiers to be true and to the untrained to get ready. Adjutant Bradbury closed the service by interesting words on behalf of the widow and little boy and the sorrowing and loving friends.

At the Army Hall at night, the backslider gave himself to God—Treasurer Davey.

SISTER MARSHALL, OF WOOLLY ISLAND.

Death has visited Woolly Island, and taken from our midst, Miss Matilda Marshall. Though not a Salvationist, she greatly appreciated the privilege of selling a few War Banners that were sent to her by Lieutenant Keplin, of Paradise Sound. Our sister was converted at the age of 18, and for ten years she has lived a life of faithfulness to God. All through her illness she was never known to murmur, but she waited patiently for the call to come up Higher. We can truthfully say her will was the will of God.

On April the 6th, her Spirit took its flight to join the Blood-washed number. She was asked by Lieutenant Keplin just a few minutes before she passed away, if she had any fear of death. The answer was, "No, all my heart: I would rather go than stay."

The funeral service was conducted by Lieutenant Keplin. Our prayers and sympathy go with the father and mother, sisters and brothers of the deceased.—A. M. Keplin.

THE GENERAL.

The General conducted days Councils at Clapton, on 12th, 13th, 14th, for Officers International Headquarters' Staff, others, from the rank of Staff and upwards. These were seasons of great blessing.

The General's proposed visit to South Africa, has been postponed till the Autumn, and, accordingly, present arrangements, The General will now leave London, probably about August 8th.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

The Chief of the Staff conducted Spiritual Day with the Cadets at International Training Home, Tuesday, April 28th, and, as usual, these occasions, much light was upon the pathway of our coming years.

Several Officers from Fortfields, who are at present on furlough in this country, spoke in the afternoon gathering, amongst whom were: Major Clifford, of the Indies, Major Hulander, of the Staff-Captain Shanti Bai (Bannu) of India, and Captain Golden, of the United States. The last mentioned Officer is a converted Greek Priest, who came into The Salvation Army in California, and passed through Western Training Home.

On Sunday, May 17th, the Chief of the Staff conducted a day's Council at Clapton; for Census Board Local when the importance of the Local Officer's position and duties were more than ever emphasised.

COLONEL BRENGLE.

It is a matter for great thankfulness that Colonel Brengle is now recovering from the serious attack of rheumatic fever which befell him whilst campaigning in Denmark. Whilst the Colonel is still very weak he is now recovering, and it is hoped that he will be well enough to travel in the course of two or three weeks when he will return to his home in the United States.

The Colonel has received every credit in the home of Colonel and Mrs. Posen, and Brigadier Leiden and Captain Cooke have proved themselves most devoted nurses during his illness.

SWITZERLAND.

Easter Appeal.—The total result of the Appeal is about 50,000 francs, an increase of one-third on last year's figure. This constitutes not only a record amount, but also a record increase since the Appeal was instituted by Commissioner Macdonald three years ago.

New Halls.—New Halls have just been opened in the important town of Thun and Schaffhausen. Twenty-one souls sought salvation at the opening at the latter town.

Training Home Session.—Twenty-nine Cadets have just entered the Training Home in Berne. This is the largest number for some years.

Women's Metropole.—Zurich.—The authorities are taking a great interest in this Institution, and now and again they send women to stay at the Home, their lodgings, of course, being paid for by the town authorities.



A Dog Saving His Master From Drowning, at the Cost of His Own Life.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

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Sorting Waste Paper in the Men's Elevator at Cologne.

GERMANY.

Commissioner Oliphant.—The Commissioner has been unwell since the Staff Congress in Berlin, and has reluctantly been compelled to take a short furlough.

Self-Denial.—This Effort has again resulted in a magnificent victory. The total sum reached is just over 74,000 marks, which is an advance of between seven and eight thousand marks on last year's figures.

Death of Mrs. Grunberg.—The Salvation Army in Germany has suffered a great loss in the death of this good lady. She interested herself very much in The Army's Work, and helped us considerably financially. The beautiful Men's Home and Metropole in Cologne, were generously given by her for the purposes of our Social Work, and these houses, which stand facing the Rhine, just opposite the wharves where the steamers anchor, will be a permanent reminder of her generosity.

Lieut. Colonel Cooke.—The Colonel has recently commenced a Campaign of several weeks' duration in the Rhineland Division. His meetings in Barmen, have already met with considerable success, and he has now passed on to the important City of Düsseldorf.

SWEDEN.

Two Staff Officers, who have been ill for some time, were promoted to Glory within two days of each other, from the Home of Rest, at Ronninge, near Stockholm. Their names were Adjutant Ada Klingvall and Ensign Maria Fredrickson.

The two coffins were brought outside the house, and the service was conducted on the spot by Lieut. Colonel Larsson, the Swedish Chief Secretary. The Colonel was assisted by other Staff Officers and the Cadets' Band. The coffins were then conveyed to the railway station, the Band playing on the way, and the funerals subsequently took place in two different cemeteries.

Thousands of people assembled around the grave of Adjutant Klingvall, in the Stockholm Cemetery, and a very good open-air meeting was held for about an hour, which was closed

by Commissioner Rees, with earnest prayer.

In the memorial service at the Stockholm Temple, at eight, over twenty men and women sought mercy at the penitence form.

Steamboat Disaster at Gothenburg.—A river steamboat overturned just at the moment it was leaving the pier at Gothenburg, and, unfortunately, twenty-six lives were lost.

It is thought that the reason of the accident was that the steamer was overloaded on deck without having any cargo. Our large Social Institution for Men (formerly the town prison) is situated close to the wharf, and the Officer in charge, Major Zandén, who witnessed the accident, was on the spot in a moment.

Many persons were brought out from the saloons through a hole which was cut in the deck, as one part of the boat remained above water, and others who fell or jumped into the water, were rescued by means of boats. A number of these persons were carried into our Social Institution, where first aid was applied, and they thus had a much better chance of recovery than if they had been taken to the Hospital, which is situated at the other end of the town.

All the newspapers referred in a very kind manner to the part The Salvation Army had taken in the work of rescue.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg.—The Commissioner has visited the important towns of Gefio, Falun, and Borlange, where crowded meetings have been held, and a number of souls sought salvation.

Easter Meetings.—On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, the Training Home authorities took a large theatre in Stockholm, where they had packed meetings and ten souls were saved.

At the Stockholm Temple, there were nearly sixty souls converted during the Easter meetings.

NORWAY.

Brigadier Gundersen, the General Secretary, accompanied by his wife, conducted meetings on Good Friday at a town called Moss, where about one thousand people gathered at an open-air demonstration.

At Jacobs-Church, one of the State Churches, the minister invited the Christiania III. Corps, to play early on Easter Sunday morning. Our songs of resurrection sounded beautifully in the sacred building.

Candidates' Sunday.—Thirty-two comrades offered themselves as Candidates for Officership during the special Candidates' Sunday in Christiania.

"Catherine North" Lifeboat.—This boat has now moved from Lofoten, where she has been stationed during the fishing season. She guarded the fishermen so well, that not a single life was lost during the whole of the fishing season. The Authorities have commended very favourably on her work, and also the comrades in charge.

The boat has now gone to Flommarken, to assist the fishermen during their work there.

Enquiry Case.—The Enquiry Department at Christiania had a very encouraging case the other day. A lady came and asked for help in assisting her son, who was out of work, at Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A.

The same day as our letter reached Richmond, a young Norwegian came to the Salvation Army there asking for help. He would not beg—he only wanted an honest job.

As Captain Fowler, the Officer at Richmond, opened a letter bearing a Norwegian stamp, a photograph fell out, and enquiry revealed that it was the same young man who was asking for help. The young man wept as he recognised his mother's handwriting, and found that she wanted to help her boy in his distress. He has now got employment, at Richmond, and his mother is happy to know that her boy is safe.

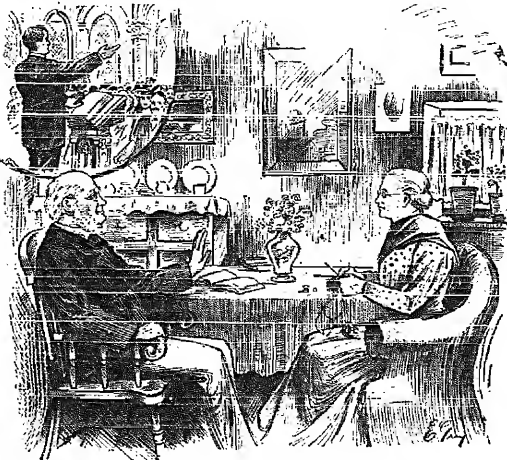
Toil and Reward.

A man once tried the experiment of raising a harvest from one seed. He put a kernel of corn into the ground; it sprang up and yielded two full ears. The next year the two ears yielded nearly a bushel. This he planted again, and broad acres of yellow ears at length rewarded his patient toil. It was a rich and precious harvest from one little seed.

A . . .
STIRRING
TALE . .

Drake: A Salvation Greatheart.

From the
British . .
War Cry.



Father and Mother's Fond Hopes Realized—Drake Is a Preacher.

CHAPTER IX. IN THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Drake had brought home good credentials from Australia, and he was at once put on the plan as a Local Preacher. Soon after his arrival, he was asked to conduct a Sunday's meetings at the Chapel to which his parents had taken him as a child, and where, as a boy, he had been a Sunday-school scholar. This was regarded as quite an event locally, and it was with proud and grateful hearts that Mr. and Mrs. Drake, that day, saw the realisation of their fondest hopes—their only boy a preacher.

Meanwhile Drake had decided never to go to sea again, if, by any means he could earn an honest living ashore. While looking round for employment, he was offered work in a salu-lot—making tarpaulin covers for railway trucks. It was hard, and poorly paid work, but Drake remained at it all the Summer. Several other occupations, more or less regular, followed in turn, but none of them possessed any elements of permanency. All his spare time, Drake instinctively devoted to the work of God, his chief delights being public speaking and work among the children. It was while giving a short address at a stone-laying ceremony, that Drake fascinated the young woman who was to become his wife! He, naturally, did not discover that he had exercised any such fascination until he himself had become enraptured with the individual in question, who it should be said was as zealous for God and His Kingdom as Drake himself.

Naturally, this turn of events caused Drake seriously to think of the future, and he began to realise that if he was ever to experience the happiness of possessing a home of his own, it was time he put a curb on his wandering propensities, and settled down to regular employment. While in this frame of mind, there crossed his path, a man, whose father was an old Metropolitan police officer, and he strongly advised Drake to join that force.

Beginning Again.

Drake applied at once, and was almost immediately accepted, owing to the fact that the Commissioners of Police were augmenting the force by five hundred men. Very soon preliminary were settled, and our hero was appointed to the T Division, So. E. Station, as a constable.

Again he was launched on a stage of life absolutely new to him.

As is customary in the Metropolitan police, Drake spent the first fortnight attending the police-court, in order that he might familiarise himself with court procedure, and learn the rules of evidence. This done, he was posted to a beat, but for a week, was accompanied by another constable, who pointed out the boundaries, and explained the duties required of him. After another week's tuition, our hero was left to his own resources.

At that time, the beat allotted to Drake was in the heart of a very rough neighbourhood; in fact, in certain of the streets it was considered scarcely safe for one constable to be found alone. A brief description of our hero's first "case" will illustrate this point.

Drake was on night duty, when, just before the public-house closed, someone told him that a man had been seriously assaulted in a public-house near by. He at once proceeded to the place indicated, and found a man severely cut about the head. A rough Irishwoman, who was well known in the locality, had struck him with a quatt pot.

After arranging for the injured man to be taken to a doctor, Drake, with the object of effecting her arrest, went to the house where the woman's assailant lived. He found the man with her mother, and told her that she would have to come with him to the police-station. She protested that half a dozen policemen would be required to take her there. Meanwhile a crowd had collected, a crowd absolutely hostile to the police, and Drake was told afterwards that he had been very foolhardy in going on such an errand unaccompanied, more especially as the neighbourhood was notorious for the violence of its inhabitants.

But Drake never did have any fear in his make-up, and moreover it was soon apparent that he had a "wonderful way with him," for the woman finally decided to come quietly. The crowd were not disposed to view the proceedings as calmly, however, and when several other constables came up, a mob followed, shouting defiance, and throwing stones and empty bottles at the representatives of law and order.

At last the police-station was reached, and Drake then became aware that the prisoner's mother, a dear old hard-working Irishwoman, had followed her daughter, sorrowing over her waywardness. After the prisoner had been charged and placed in the cells, Drake proceeded to his beat, in company with the old lady. They talked together genially enough,

and there seemed to be nothing amiss with the old woman, but just as they reached her door, she gave a cry, and then fell down in the passage. Drake at once sent for a doctor, and, picking up the poor creature, carried her upstairs and laid her on the bed. When the medical man arrived, he could only pronounce life extinct.

Soon the dead woman's other daughters came home, and several Irishwomen living in the same house set up a wailing for the departed. It was a harrowing experience for the young constable.

Returning hurriedly to the police-station, Drake reported the occurrence, and the Inspector suggested that he might find some one to go bail for the daughter. Drake lost no time in finding a tradesman who was willing to provide the necessary sureties, and afterwards visited the man who had been assaulted, and explained the sad circumstances to him. As a result, the man decided not to appear at court, the following Monday, so when the case was called, the woman-prisoner was discharged.

This was a rather startling introduction to his new duties, but, as Drake soon found, it benefited him greatly. The kindness he had shown to the unfortunate daughter, and the respect he had shown the dead body of the mother, won the hearts of those rough people, and from that day until he left Fulham, Constable Drake had never any serious trouble with them.

Not Ashamed of His Colours.

Drake had resolved, even before entering the force, that he would at all costs, show his colours, and whenever and wherever he had opportunity, testify to the power of God in his life.

On the first night he was out on his beat a constable offered him a drink. "I'm a teetotaler!" said Constable Drake.

"What! a teetotaler?" exclaimed the other. "Now, look here, Drake, I'm an experienced man—take my advice. If you don't drink beer and yet have to do a policeman's work, you'll be dead in three months!"

That poor fellow has been dead for years! The hero of our story is still very much alive, and hard at work, twenty-six years after having received that warning.

Before Constable Drake had been in the police force many months, it came to the ears of his Superintendent that he was in the habit of speaking at open-air meetings. The young policeman was at once called into the presence of his superior officer, and told that, as he was a member of the police force, he must not have his name on any placards connected with public meetings, nor must he take any part in open-air religious services. It was not allowed.



Drake Obtains a Victory.

"I am very sorry, sir," said Drake, "but if that is the case, I shall have to resign."

"I do not want you to resign," said the Superintendent, "but that sort of thing is not allowed."

"If I am to remain in the police force, I must continue to take part in religious meetings whenever I have the opportunity," replied the constable.

Terrible Depths of Crime.

And this he continued to do, fearless of consequences, but although he was taken to task on several occasions, he never got into trouble on account of his devotion to God's work. On the contrary, he often received gratifying proofs of the respect of his comrades and the approval of his superiors.

The first twelve months of his new life gave Constable Drake an introduction to the depths of crime that in ordinary life he could scarcely have imagined possible. Every day he was reminded, by theologic of hard facts, that nothing but the salvation of God could raise these sin-bound people to a better way of life. Almost every week brought its sensation.

One of the first cases with which he was connected, was a murder, which illustrated, with terrible force, the awful wages of sin. Several men had been at a race meeting in company, and had returned to the house of one of them for the purpose of playing cards, presumably for money.

During their play a quarrel arose, and one of the men started to leave the house. While he walked along the passage, one of the others followed him and plunged a knife into his back as he was in the act of stepping over the threshold. Before assistance could be obtained the man was dead. The murderer was arrested, and, at the subsequent trial was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Crowds flocked to the scene of the crime, and eventually, as nothing could remove the blood-stains from the door-step where the murdered man had breathed his last, the place had to be removed altogether, and another door-step put in its place.

(To be continued.)

Without Care.

An old woman was very poor and wretched. Sickness, poverty, and age had made her as wrinkled and asoured as could be. One day she came hurrying up as quickly as her stiff joints could carry her. Her face shone with delight. "What can have happened?" thought everybody. "This ye!" she cried. "I've got a letter from my boy in California, and I thought he was dead; and he's doing well, and he has promised to care for me as long as I live." She had lost her care because somebody cared for her.

THE MAELSTROM OF SIN.

(Continued from page

Grasped the Cross

as eagerly as the drowning clutches at the proverbial. Then, strange to say, a few safety-ropes of me, and my fled. However, I still continued to descend, but much more slowly. I had hitherto done, and I saw several other unfortunate beings were brought into the vortex. I had, descend past me, plunge long into the frothy abyss and near from view.

"I then began to notice a change in the character of the whirlpool. The sides began to grow less steep, and the whirl itself to be rapid. Also the bottom of the seemed to ascend, and the fro disappeared, until at length, stilling the cross, I found myself above the spot where the fro abyss had been, but a short time before. Then I awoke.

"By a merciful providence my were thus opened to the danger-scented harmless amusements, never again entered

Their Charmed Circles.

"I am an old man now, and my life I have seen many a fine young man and woman enter the waters of Worldly Pleasure, and go deeper until the pleasure becomes Vice. Then I have seen the current bear them into the deeper and b or waters of Crime. From crime have been whirled into the surf of Destruction, and thence into abyss of Damnation and Eternity.

"Thank God, I have also seen and women cling to the Cross in the most last descent, and it has been their life until the turn of the of God's mercy had delivered them from damnation. But mark you, I have been badly broken by the flood.

"Can you wonder, then, my young friend," continued the old man, "I am down upon harmless amusements, when I know them to be really so dreadfully harmful.

"No, sir, I cannot," replied the young man; "I will take heed to ways."

Reader, this is an allegory, but is true in substance and in fact, you very well know. Will you not warning from it, and flee from the maelstrom of sin?

Small Sins

Engineers tell us that the great cables supporting our bridges are so much threatened by projectiles hurled against them, as by the tinn of heat and cold, and the strokes many falling feet, which at last cause the atoms to loose their grip upon each other. It is the petty enemies that devastate the world. In the moral realm, character is built up of small virtues, and torn down by small vices.

When Pompey could not prevent a city to billet his army with them, he persuaded them to admit a few weak, maimed soldiers; but these soon recovered their strength and opened the gates to the whole army. And thus it is that the devil courts us only to lodge some small sin of infirmity or two—which admitted, soon gathers strength

THE MAELSTROM OF SIN.

(Continued from page 3.)

Grasped the Cross

as eagerly as the drowning man clutches at the proverbial straw. Then, strange to say, a feeling of safety possessed me, and my fears fled. However, I still continued to descend, but much more slowly than I had hitherto done, and I saw several other unfortunate beings who had been brought into the vortex after I had, descend past me, plunge headlong into the frothy abyss and disappear from view.

"I then began to notice a change in the character of the whirlpool. The sides began to grow less and less steep, and the whirl itself to be less rapid. Also the bottom of the abyss seemed to ascend, and the froth to disappear, until at length, still grasping the cross, I found myself floating over the spot where the foaming abyss had been but a short time before. Then I awoke.

"By a merciful providence my eyes were thus opened to the dangers of so-called harmless amusements, and I never again entered

Their Charmed Circles.

"I am an old man now, and during my life I have seen many a fine young man and woman enter the sparkling waters of Worldly Pleasure, and then go deeper until the pleasure became Vice. Then I have seen the current bear them into the deeper and blacker waters of Crime. From crime they have been whirled into the surf-belt of Desolation, and thence into the abyss of Damnation and Eternal Death.

"Thank God, I have also seen men and women cling to the Cross in almost the last descent, and it has kept them afloat till the turn of the tide of God's mercy had delivered them from damnation. But mark you, they have been badly broken by the flood.

"Can you wonder, then, my young friend," continued the old man, "that I am down upon harmless amusements, when I know them to be in reality so dreadfully harmful.

"No, sir, I cannot," replied the young man; "I will take heed to my ways."

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all haste to escape from his dangerous predicament, and never returned across the treacherous ice again, though it looked ever so safe.

Several little Corps in Manitoba and North Dakota were commanded by him after that, and then he went to Medicine Hat. At this place the "boys" of the town took a dislike to the new Officers, and determined to starve them out. They formed themselves into a "Pluggers' Brigade," and vowed to never give a cent in the collections or buy a War Cry. They didn't know Bristow though. Instead of being daunted by this opposition, he acted as though he believed everything was going to boom in a very short time. He set about altering the barracks, and for a week the "boys" stared to see The Salvationists carrying planks and ladders, and buckets of whitewash, and pots of paint through the main street. Bristow made as much show as possible in order to attract their attention, and let them know something was going on. On the grand re-opening night the crowd all came to see what had been done.

"Now, boys," said the Captain, "see how nicely we've fixed things up. It's all for your sakes, and so I think it only right that you should pay the bill. Now, dub up!" They were so taken by surprise, that they "dubbed up," as meekly as lambs. The loosening of their purse-strings seemed to soften their hearts, for thirty-two came to the penitent form, one of whom is a Salvation Army Captain to-day. Like the success of Marlborough, at Blenheim, "It was a famous victory."

Captain Bristow then went to Winnipeg Provincial Headquarters, as Cashier, and after a short time there, was sent to take charge of Neepawa. He had quite an exciting experience here, though he says that getting lost on the prairie is quite common out West. One dark night two girl Officers knocked at the Quarters' door and asked him if there was any possible way of getting out to a farm some distance from the town. They were going on furlough, and wanted to reach the home of one of them that night. The gallant Captain (ever ready to assist damsels in distress) offered his services to get them there, and so, hiring a buggy, he started off across the prairie. After driving for several miles, he, somehow or other got off the trail.

"You look after the horse while I hunt for the tracks," he said to the Officers. So he paced around under the snow for awhile till he felt the packed snow. By this time, however, he had wandered far, and had got out of sight and sound of the buggy. Then he had to search for his lost companions, and the night was far advanced before they got on the right road again. About 2 a.m. they drew near a farm-house.

"Oh, there's home!" said one of the girls. Just at that moment, the buggy wire, which had, somehow or other, got across the road, and over went the show into a big snowbank.

"All change here!" said Bristow, as he helped the girls on their feet. "We'll never go for a drive with you any more," they called back as they went indoors."

Captain Bristow was now ordered to Toronto, and worked for a while in the General Secretariat Department.

where we first made his acquaintance.

One incident may be related here, as an instance of the irrepressible nature of our Captain on all occasions. He has the rare gift of seeing the humorous side of things. Returning once from conducting special meetings at Niagara Falls, he was standing on the edge of the Gorge, waiting for a car. A drunken American sailor came out of a saloon just then, and, thinking to have some fun with the "Salvo," he staggered across the road and prepared to do a bit of acting for the edification of his boon companions. Going to the edge of the gorge, he looked over, and then turning to the Captain, said: "Say, will you save my life if I jump over here?"

With his bat thrust on one side, the Captain stepped up to the sailor and said, "Well, the fact is, old chap, I'm not saving to-day."

Did ever a sailor look so astonished in his life? He forgot all about the fun he was going to have, and walked quietly off.

St. John's, Newfoundland, is the next place where we find Bristow. Here, he was promoted to Ensign. He was well liked by the Newfoundlanders, and had quite a lively time amongst those enthusiastic Salvation soldiers. At Montreal, Ottawa, and Quebec, he did special work, and was then appointed to his present position, as assistant to Brigadier Taylor, in the Training Home.

The Ensign is a loyal, enthusiastic, and capable officer, and the Cadets find him a friend as well as a leader. He glories in a good lively prayer meeting, and is in his element whilst leading an open-air service. Personal dealing with souls is a work in which he takes great delight, and, if in the same vocation he leads a poor sinner to Christ, and is privileged to speak a real word of cheer and comfort to a fellow-worker, he feels that he has helped two souls that day. Many are apt to overlook the one by their side, whilst reaching out a hand to save the one furthest down—but Bristow doesn't—he helps both.

May God bless the labours of our comrade for many years to come, and at last reward him in Heaven.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends: We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, assist widowed women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Captain William Thos. B. Corbett, Albert Street, Toronto, and send "War Cry" to the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted in the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and sailors are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Canadian Press if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

6556 OLIVER, HENRY CHARLES; single; age 27; height 5ft. 8in.; red-brown hair; grey eyes; fresh complexion; worked on C.P.R. as assistant in dining-room; he is an Englishman, of an active, cheery, droll disposition.

6612 SIMS, HENRY DREW; Last heard of in New Zealand. Mother very anxious.

6601 POPPLEWELL, WILLIAM CHATHAM; age 22; brown hair; grey eyes and a ruddy complexion; he is a farmer, and has not been heard of since Christmas, 1906. He is known to have been in Belmont, Brandon, and Winnipeg; last known address was Medicine Hat, Alberta; may have joined party of surveyors.

6608 HUSEBY, LOUIS; Norwegian; supposed to have gone to the Klondyke; fair complexion; height about 5ft. 10in.; was a resident of

6609 GRIFFITHS, WILLIAM JOHN. Last heard of in Halifax, N.S.; age 27; brown hair and eyes; height 5ft. 9in.; Originates from Birmingham, Eng.

6610 FITZSIMMONS, JAMES DAVID. Age about 26; light complexion; nearly six feet tall. He is supposed to have gone to Maine.

6612 WILKIE, BERTHAM ED. MUND. Age 23; height six feet; fair hair; blue eyes; single; fair complexion; he has been missing for five years, and was last known to be on a ranch in Manitoba; very delicate, and may be in consumption.

6613 SALLY, A. A.; English; age 28; height 5ft. 11in.; dark hair; wears blue glasses; fair complexion; he is a married man; left wife and family in Toronto, in April, 1905.

6615 MILLAN, GEORGE; age 34; height 5ft. 10in.; fair complexion; last heard of in Stratford, Ont.

6618 PEARSE, GEORGE A.; Came to Canada in March, 1906, and was heard of in Kenora, in Fall of same year. Something to his advantage will be heard by communicating with above office.

6619 STOKOE, LEONARD; age 37; medium height; dark hair; full blue eyes; last worked on a farm near Ottawa, Ontario.

6620 WALLER, GEORGE, ALBERT; age 34; height 5ft. 9in.; brown hair; grey eyes; fair, pale complexion; scar on right cheek about two inches long; pork butcher. Last heard of in Toronto.

6622 EDWARDS, DANIEL; missing eighteen months; single; age 23; height 5ft. 4in.; black hair, grey eyes; sawtooth complexion; Welsh coal miner; last heard of at St. Catharines, Ont.

6625 WHITTINGSLOW, JOHN; age 52; rather tall and slim; married; last heard of in Canada, six years ago.

6626 SOLEY, MISS ANNIE; age 43; last heard of in Canada, six years ago. She is from the village of Amblesley, Worcestershire.

6627 SMITH, ALBERT; age 18; height 5ft. 6in.; brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; last known address is Terra Cotta, Ont. Supposed to have gone to New Ontario in 1902, trapping and shooting.

6629 KIDD, ROBERT GRAY; single; age 24; height 5ft. 8in.; auburn hair; blue eyes, and a fair complexion; Scotchman; last known address was Birmingham Camp, Mine Centre, Ont. He has worked in hotels.

6630 McDUGALL, ALEX; age about 35; height about 5ft. 8in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; was last heard of from Calgary, Alta. Orphan sister enquires.

6632 KERR, ROBERT NORMAN, (or Cummings) age 22; height 5ft. 10in.; black hair; brown eyes; sawtooth complexion; a grocer and spirit salesman.

6635 WHATMORE, ROBERT; height 5ft. 6in.; dark complexion; left Deioraine, Man., Nov., 1907, for Antikokan.

6637 GARDNER, WILLIAM; came to Canada sixty-four years ago, was a butcher and farmer. It was reported about four years ago, that he was drowned in a whirlpool, while yachting. Send information to above office.

6638 ANDERSON, GEORGE D.; age 22; height 5ft. 8in.; dark brown hair; hazel eyes; single; fair complexion; farmer; electrician; last known address was Elkton, B. C.

6642 NEAL, WM. HENRY; age is between 45 and 50; wheelwright by trade. He is said to have married a young lady by the name of Atkinson, in Benghead, or Brantford, Ont. Information to be sent to above address.

Second Insertion.

6590 FLOWERS, CHARLES ALBERT; single; age 23; height 5ft. 6in. Sandy brown hair; dark eyes; fair complexion; carpenter and joiner by trade, but in Canada he has farmed, worked in railway, served as cook; last known address was Etomane, Sask. Parents anxious.

6599 WYNNE, FRANCIS FIELD; age 22; height 5ft. 7in.; black hair; brown eyes; tattoo on arm of serpent and red Indian Chief; last known to be working for the Sault Ste. Marie



Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Nearer my Home, 71; For ever with the Lord, 68; Song Book, No. 423.

1 Jesus, Thy fullness give,
My soul and body bless;
Cleanse me from sin, that I may live
The life of holiness.

Chorus.

In white, in white, walking in white;
He makes me worthy through His blood,
To walk with Him in white.

With full salvation might,
My heart and mind make strong,
Help me to live and do the right,
And part with all that's wrong.

Saved from the power of sin,
Kept by Thy grace, secure,
Let all without and all within,
Be pure, as Thou art pure.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel, 111;
The cross now covers, 112; Song Book, No. 504.

2 All glory to Jesus be given
That life and salvation are free;
And all may be washed and forgiven,
For Jesus can save even me.

Chorus.

Yes, Jesus is mighty to save,
And all His salvation may know;
Come, plunge in the sin-cleansing wave,
His blood washes whiter than snow.

From darkness, from sin and despair,
Out into the light of His love;
He brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

Oh, rapturous heights of His love!
Oh, measureless depths of His grace!

My soul all His fullness would prove,
And live in His loving embrace.

In Him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my Heaven below;
And freely His blood is applied—
His blood that makes winter than snow.

Free and Easy.

Tune.—Down where the living, 224;
Song Book, No. 302.

3 O happy day, happy day,
When old things passed away,
Down where the Saviour died for me!
I felt my sins forgiven,
And got a sight of Heaven;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Chorus.

There, where the Saviour died for me,
There, where the Saviour died for me;
I saw the cleansing flow,
It washes white as snow;
There, where the Saviour died for me.

'Twas there I learnt to pray,
And found the narrow way;
There, where the Saviour died for me,
I saw His blessed face,
And joined the Heavenly race,
There, where the Saviour died for me.

Tune.—Poor old Joe; 179; Song Book, No. 522.

4 All round the world The Army
Chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is
saving souls;
All round the world our Soldiers will
be brave,
Around our Colours we will rally—
wave, Soldiers, wave.

Chorus.

Keep waving, keep waving, keep
every flag unfurled,
We soon shall have our colours wav-
ing all round the world.

All round the world with music and
with song,
All round the world we'll boldly
march along;
All round the world to free each sin-
bound slave,
We'll wave our Army Flags for Jesus
—wave, Soldiers, wave.

All round the world the Saviour's
blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle
go;
All round the world the universe to
save,
With Blood and Fire, with faith and
feeling—wave, Soldiers, wave.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Ready to die, 157; Oh, I'm
happy all the day, 196; Song
Book, No. 122.

5 With a sorrow for sin
Must repentance begin,
Then salvation, of course, will draw
nigh;
But till washed in the blood
Of the crucified Lord,
You will never be ready to die.

Chorus.

Ready to die, etc.

We've His word and His oath,
And His blood seals them both—
And we're sure the Almighty can't
lie—

If you do not delay,
But repent while you may,
He will soon make you ready to die.

And that you may succeed,
Come along with all speed
To a Saviour who will not deny;
So kneel down at His feet,
At the blest mercy seat,
And He'll soon make you ready to die.

Tunes.—We're travelling home, 128;
Behold, behold the Lamb, 122;
Song Book, No. 79.

6 We're travelling home to heaven
above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blissful
shore,
Their trials and their labours o'er,
And yet there's room for millions
more—
Will you go?

We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
In rapturous songs to praise His name,
Our sun will then no more go down,
Our moon no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning ever gone—
The way to Heaven is straight and
plain,
Repent, believe, be born again,
The Saviour cries aloud to Thee,
"Take up thy cross, and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."

The Territorial Staff Band

Midland, May 30th and 31st,
Simcoe, Saturday and Sunday, June,
13th and 14th.
Huntsville, June, 27th and 28th.

Coming Events.

The Chief Secretary.

*Lindsay, Saturday and Sunday,
May 23rd and 24th.
*Mrs. Sowton will accompany.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

Woodstock, Thursday, May 21st.
Lisgar Street, Sunday, May 24th.
Temple, Thursday, May 28th.
Berlin, Saturday, May 30th.
Stratford, May 31 and Sunday,
June 1.

Ottawa 1, Saturday, Sunday and
Monday, June 6, 7, 8.

MAJOR SIMCO.

Guelph, Saturday and Sunday, May,
23rd and 24th.
West Toronto, Sunday, June 7th.

ADJUTANT WHITE.

Brantford, Saturday and Sunday,
May 23rd and 24th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier—Western Province.
Cache Bay, May 25; Sudbury, May
26-28; Soo, May 29-31.

Captain Bunton—Western Province.
Simcoe, May 23-25; Norwich, May
26, 27; Woodstock, May 28, 29.

Ensign Ash—Eastern Province.
Whitby, May 23-25; Stellarton, May
26-28; Westville, May 29-31.

Captain Backus—Eastern Province.
Annapolis, May 25-27; Bear River,
May 28-31.

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